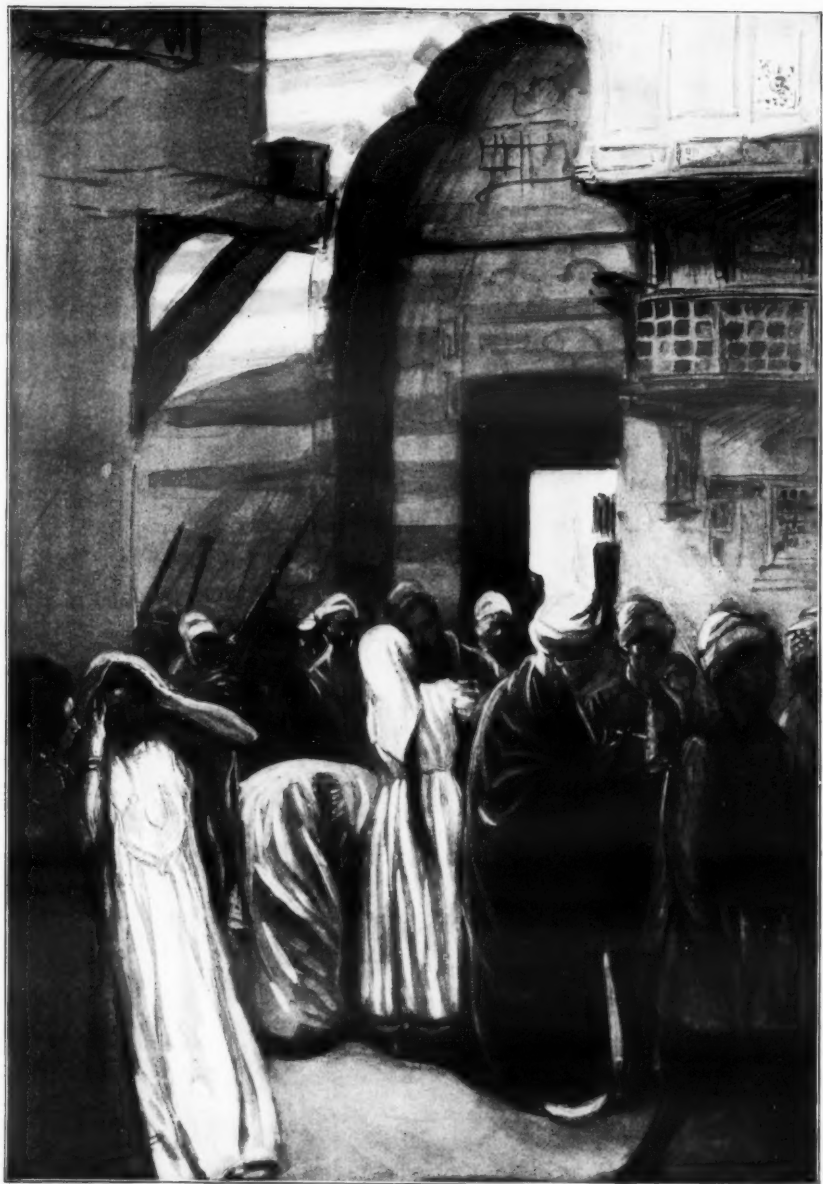


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"As the mist left her eyes she saw the conscripts go by."—*The Desertion of Mohammed Salim.*

# AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

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No. 6

## THE DESERTION OF MOHAMMED SALIM By GILBERT PARKER

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"Soada threw herself upon the mud floor."

### I.

THE business began during Ramadan; how it ended and where, was in the mouth of every soldier between Beni Souef and Dongola, and there was not a mud hut or a mosque within thirty miles of Mohammed Salim's home, not a kiassa or felucca putting in for gossip and garlic below the mudirieh, but knew the story of Soada, the daughter of Wassef, the camel-driver.

Soada was pretty and upright, with a full round breast and a slim figure. She carried a balass of water on her head as gracefully as a princess might a tiara. This was remarked by occasional Saadats making their official rounds, and by more than one howadji putting in with

his dahabeah, where the village maidens came to fill their water-jars. Soada's trinkets and bracelets were perhaps no better than those of her companions, but her one garment was of the linen of Beni Mazar, as good as that worn by the Sheikh-el-belad himself.

Wassef, the camel-driver, being proud of Soada, gave her the advantage of his frequent good fortune in desert loot and Nile backsheesh. But Wassef was a hard man for all that, and he grew bitter and morose at last, because he saw that camel-driving must suffer by the coming of the railway. Besides, as a man gets older he likes the season of Ramadan less, for he must fast from sunrise to sunset,

though his work goes on, and having his meals at night with broken sleep, it is ten to one that he gets irritable.

So it happened that one evening just at sunset, Wassef came to his hut, with the sun like the red rim of a huge thumbnail in the sky behind him, ready beyond telling for his breakfast, and found nothing. On his way home he had seen before the houses and cafés silent Mussulmans with cigarettes and matches in their fingers, the cooks with their hands on the lids of the cooking pots where the dourha or the beans and onions boiled—and here outside his own doorway there was no odor, and there was silence within!

"Now, by the beard of the Prophet!" he muttered, "is it for this I have fed the bint and clothed her with linen from Beni Mazar all these years!" And he turned upon his heel, and kicking the yellow pi dog in the ribs, went to the nearest café, and making huge rolls of forced meat with his fingers, crammed them into his mouth, grunting like a Berkshire boar. Nor did his anger cease thereafter, for this meal of meat had cost him five piastres—the second meal of meat in a week, too. As Wassef sat on the mastaba of the café, sullen and angry, the village barber whispered in his ear that Mohammed Salim and his daughter had been hunting jackals in the desert all afternoon. Hardly had the barber fled from the anger of Wassef, when a kavass of the mouffetish at Cairo on a black errand of conscription passed by. With a curse, Wassef felt in his vest for his purse, and called to the kavass, that being more dreaded in Egypt than the plague.

That very night the conscription descended upon Mohammed Salim, and by sunrise he was standing in front of the house of the Mamoor with twelve others, to begin the march to Dongola. Though the father of the young man Mohammed Salim went secretly to the Mamoor and offered him backsheesh even to the tune of a feddan of land, the Mamoor refused to accept it. That was a very peculiar thing, because every Egyptian official, from the great Ismail down to the gaffir of the cane fields, took backsheesh in the name of Allah. Wassef, the camel-driver, was the cause. He was a deep man and a strong, and it was through him the conscription descended upon Mohammed Salim ("the son of a burnt father," as he called him), who had gone shooting jack-

als in the desert with his daughter, and had lost him his breakfast. Wassef's rage was quiet but effective, and to some purpose he had whispered in the ear of the Mamoor as well as in that of the dreaded kavass of conscription, and afterwards he had gone home and smiled at Soada, his daughter, when she lied to him about the sunset breakfast.

The malignant camel-driver watched with a placid smile and lips that murmured "Praise be to God," the shrieking women of the village throwing dust on their heads and lamenting loudly for the thirteen young men of Beni Souef who were going forth never to return—or so it seemed to them; for of all the herd of human kine driven into the desert before whips and swords, but a moiety ever returned, and that moiety so battered that their mothers did not know them. Therefore women wept and men looked sullenly upon the ground that morning at Beni Souef—all but Wassef, the camel-driver.

It troubled the mind of Wassef that Mohammed Salim made no outcry. He was still more puzzled when the Mamoor whispered to him that Mohammed Salim had told the kavass, his own father, that since it was the will of God, then the will of God was his will and he would go. Wassef replied that the Mamoor did well not to accept the backsheesh of Mohammed Salim's father, for the mouffetish at the palace of Ismail should have heard of it, and there would have been an end of the Mamoor. It was quite a different matter when it was backsheesh for sending Mohammed Salim to the Soudan.

With a shameless delight, Wassef went to the door of his home, and calling to Soada, told her that Mohammed Salim was among the conscripts. He also told her that the young man was willing to go, and that the Mamoor would take no backsheesh from his father. He looked to see her burst into tears and wailing, but she only stood and looked at him like one stricken blind. Wassef laughed, and turned on his heel and went out; for what should he know of the look in a woman's face—he to whom most women were alike, he who had taken dancing girls with his camels into the desert many a time! What should he know of that love which springs once in every woman's heart, be she fellow or Pharaoh's daughter!

When he had gone, Soada groped her way blindly to the door and out into the



roadway. Her lips moved, but she only said, "Mohammed—Mohammed Salim!" Her father's words knelled in her ear, that her lover was willing to go, and she kept saying brokenly, "Mohammed—Mohammed Salim!" As the mist left her eyes she saw the conscripts go by, and Mohammed Salim was in the rear rank. He saw her also, but he kept his head turned away, taking a cigarette from young Yusef, the drunken gaffir, as they passed on.

Unlike the manner of her people, Soada turned and went back into her house, and threw herself upon the mud floor, and put the folds of her garment in her mouth lest she should cry out in her agony. A whole day she lay there and did not stir, save to drink from the water-bottle which Fatima, the old maker of mats, had placed by her side. For Fatima thought of the far-off time when she loved Hassan the potter, who had been dragged from his wheel by a kavass of conscription and lost among the sands of the Libyan Desert; and she read the girl's story. That evening as Wassef, the camel-driver, went to mosque, Fatima cursed him, because now all the village laughed secretly at

the revenge that Wassef had taken upon the lover of his daughter. A few laughed the harder because they knew Wassef would come to feel it had been better to have chained Mohammed Salim to a barren fig-tree and kept him there until he married Soada than to let him go. He had maliciously sent him

into that furnace which eats the fellaheen to the bones, which thereafter mark with white the road of the Red Sea caravans and the track of the Khedive's soldiers in the yellow sands.

When Fatima cursed Wassef he turned and spat at her, and she went back and sat on the ground beside Soada, and mumbled the Koran above her for comfort. Then she ate greedily the food which Soada should have eaten; snatching scraps of comfort in return for the sympathy she gave.

But the long night

went, and the next day came, and Soada got up and began to work again. And the months went by.

## II.

One evening of a day which had been almost too hot for even the clanging seller of licorice-water to go by calling, and the



"—for what should he know of the look in a woman's face."

Mussulman lost pride in his beard, Wassef, the camel-driver, sat at the door of a malodorous café listening to a wandering Welee chanting the Koran. Wassef was in an ill-humor. First, because the day had been so hot; secondly, because he had sold his ten months' camel at a price almost within the bounds of honesty; and thirdly, because a score of railway contractors and subs. were camped outside the town. Also, Soada had scarcely spoken to him for three days past. In spite of all, Soada had been the apple of his eye, although he had sworn again and again that next to a firman of the Sultan, a ten-months' camel was the most beautiful thing on earth. He was in a bitter humor. This had been an intermittent disease with him almost since the day Mohammed Salim had been swallowed up by the Soudan. For, like her mother before her, Soada had no mind to be a mat for his feet. Was it not even said that Soada's mother was descended from an English slave with red hair, who in the terrible disaster at Damietta in 1805 had been carried away into captivity on the Nile, where he married a fellah woman and died a good Mussulman.

Soada's mother had had red-brown hair, and not black as becomes a fellah woman; but Wassef was proud of this ancient heritage of red hair, which belonged to a grand marshal of Great Britain, he swore by the beard of the Prophet. That is why he had not beaten Soada these months past when she refused to answer him, when with cold stubbornness she gave him his meals when she chose, or not, if she chose. He was even a little awed by her silent force of will, and at last he had to ask her humbly to make a savory dish which her mother had taught her—a dish he always ate upon the birthday of Mohammed Ali, who had done him the honor to flog him with his own hands, for filching the rations of his Arab charger.

But this particular night Wassef was bitter, and watched with stolid indifference the going down of the sun, the time when he usually said his prayers. He was in so ill a humor that he would willingly have met his old enemy Yusef, the drunken gaffir, and settled their long-standing dispute forever. But Yusef came not that way. He was lying drunk with hasheesh outside the mosque El Hassan, with a letter from Mohammed Salim in his green turban—for Yusef had been on

a pilgrimage to Mecca and might wear the green turban.

But if Yusef came not by the café where Wassef sat glooming, someone else came who quickly roused Wassef from his phlegm. It was Fielding Bey, the young English inspector who had sat with him many a time at the door of his hut and asked him questions about Dongola and Berber and the Soudanese. And because Fielding spoke Arabic and was never known to have aught to do with the women of Beni Souef, he had been welcome; none the less because he never frowned when an Arab told him a lie.

"*Nchar-ak koom sâeed, Mohammed Wassef,*" said Fielding; and sat upon a bench and drew a marghileh to him, wiping the ivory mouthpiece with his handkerchief.

"*Nchar-ak koom sâeed, Saadat,*" answered Wassef, and touched his lips, his breast and his forehead with his hand. Then they shook hands, thumbs up, after the ancient custom. But once more Wassef touched his breast, his lips and his forehead.

They sat silent too long for Wassef's pleasure, for he took pride in what he was pleased to call his friendship with Fielding Bey, and he could see his neighbors gathering at a little distance and watching them. It did not suit his book that they should not talk.

"May Allah take them to his mercy! A regiment was cut to pieces by the Dervishes at Dongola last quarter of the moon," he said.

"It was not the regiment of Mohammed Salim," Fielding answered slowly, with a curious hard note in his voice.

"All blessings do not come at once—such is the will of God!" answered Wassef, with a sneer.

"You brother of asses," said Fielding, showing his teeth a little, and his eyes flashing. "You brother of asses of Bagdad!"

"Effendi!" answered Wassef, angry and dumbfounded.

"You had better have gone yourself and left Mohammed Salim your camels and your daughter," continued Fielding, his eyes straight upon Wassef.

"God knows your meaning," said Wassef in a sudden fright, for Fielding's tongue was straight, as he well knew.

"They sneer at you behind your back, Mohammed Wassef. No man in the vil-



"I tell you, you may save Soada before it is too late."

lage dare tell you, for you have no friends; but I tell you, that you may save Soada before it is too late. Mohammed Salim lives, or lived last quarter of the moon, so says Yusef, the gaffir. Sell your ten-months' camel, buy the lad out and bring him back—to Soada."

"Saadat!" said Wassef, in a quick fear, and dropped the stem of the narghileh and got to his feet. "Saadat!"

"Before the Nile falls and you may

plant yonder field with onions," answered Fielding, jerking his head toward the flooded valley, "her time will be come!"

Wassef's lips were drawn like shriveled parchment over his red gums, his eyes were like two slits of fire, the fingers of his right hand fumbled in his robe.

"There's no one to kill—keep still!" said Fielding.

But Wassef saw nearby the faces of the villagers, and on every face he thought

he read a smile, a sneer; though, in truth, none sneered, for all were afraid of his terrible anger. Mad with fury, he snatched the turban from his head and threw it on the ground. Then suddenly he gave one cry "Allah!" a vibrant clack like a pistol-shot, for he saw Yusef, the drunken gaffir, coming down the road.

Yusef heard that cry of "Allah!" and he knew instantly that the hour had come

### III.

Thus it was that Soada was left to fight her battle alone. She did not weep nor wail when Wassef's body was brought home and the moghassil and hanouti came to do their offices. She did not smear her hair with mud, nor was she moved by the wailing of the mourning women, nor the chanters of the Koran. She only said to Fatima when all was



"He went down with a skull cracked like the top of an egg under a spoon."

for settling old scores. The hasheesh clouds lifted from his brain, and he gripped his neboot of the hard wood of the dom-palm, and with a cry like an animal came on.

It would have been well for Wassef, the camel-driver, if he had not taken the turban from his head; for before he could reach Yusef with his dagger, he went down with a skull cracked like the top of an egg under a spoon.

over, "It is well; he is gone from my misery to the mercy of God, praise be to God!" And she still held her head high in the village, though her heart was in the dust.

She would have borne her trouble alone to the end, but that she was bitten on the arm by one of her father's camels, the day they were sold in the market-place. Then, helpless and suffering and fevered, she yielded to the thrice-repeated request

of Fielding Bey, and was taken to the hospital at Assiout, which Fielding had helped to found.

But Soada, as her time drew near and the terror of it stirred her heart, cast restless eyes upon the white-washed walls and rough floors of the hospital. She longed for the mud hut at Beni Souef, and the smell of the river, and the little field of onions she planted every year. Day by day she grew harder of heart against those who held her in the hospital—for to her it was but a prison. She would not look when the doctor came, and she would not answer, but kept her eyes closed; and she did not shrink when they dressed the arm so cruelly wounded by the camel's teeth, but lay still and dumb. Now, a strange thing happened, for her hair which had been so black, turned brown, and grew browner and browner till it was like the hair of her mother who, so the Nile folk said, was descended from that English soldier-slave sold into captivity at Beni Souef when the century was young.

Fielding Bey came to see her in the hospital once before he returned to Cairo, and little Dicky Donovan, a friend of Fielding's from the contractors' camp, came after he had gone. But Soada would not speak even to them, though she smiled when they spoke to her; and no one else ever saw her smile in all the dark days in that hospital with the red floor and white walls, and the lazy watchman walking up and down before the door. She kept her eyes closed in the daytime, but at night they were always open—always. Pictures of all she had lived and seen came back to her then—pictures of days long before Mohammed Salim came into her life. "Mohammed Salim," she never spoke the words now, but whenever she thought them her heart shrank in pain. Mohammed Salim had gone like a coward into the desert, leaving her alone.

Her mind dwelt on the little mud hut and the onion field, and she saw down by the foreshore of the river the great khiassas from Assouan and Luxor with their bent prows hooked in the Nile mud, laden with cotton or dhurra or sugar-cane. She saw again the little fires built along the shore and atop of the piles of grain round which sat the white, the black and the yellow-robed riverine folk in the crimson glare; while from the banks above came the cry, "Alla-haly, oom alla-haly!" as

stalwart young Arabs drew in from the current to the bank some stubborn and overburdened khiassa. She heard the snarl of the camels as they knelt down before her father's hut to rest before the journey into the yellow plains of sand beyond. She saw the seller of sweetmeats go by calling out; she heard the droning of the children in the village school behind the hut, the dull clatter of Arabic consonants galloping through the Koran. She saw the moon—the full moon—upon the Nile, the wide acreage of silver water before the golden-yellowish and yellowish-purple of the Libyan hills behind.

She saw through her tears the sweet mirage of home, and her heart rebelled against the prison where she lay. What should she know of hospitals—she whose medicaments had been herbs got from the Nile valley and the cool Nile mud. Was it not the will of God if we lived or the will of God if we died? Did we not all lie in the great mantle of the mercy of God, ready to be lifted up or to be set down as he chose? They had prisoned her here—there were bars upon the windows, there were watchmen at the door.

At last she could bear it no longer; the end of it all came. She stole out over the bodies of the sleeping watchmen, out into the dusty road under the palms, down to the water-side, to the Nile—the path which led home. She must go down the Nile, hiding by day, traveling by night—the homing bird with a broken wing—back to the hut where she had lived so long with Wassef, the camel-driver; back where she could lie in the dusk of her windowless home, shutting the world out from her solitude. There she could bear the agony of the hour.

Drinking the water of the Nile, eating the crumbs of dhurra bread she had brought from the hospital, getting an onion from a field, chewing shreds of sugar-cane, hiding by day and trudging on by night, hourly growing weaker, she struggled toward Beni Souef. Fifty—forty—thirty—ten—five miles! Oh! the last two days, her head so hot and her brain bursting, and a thousand fancies swimming before her eyes, her heart fluttering, fluttering—stopping, going on—stopping, going on. It was only the sound of the river—the Nile, Mother of Egypt, crooning to her disordered spirit, which kept her on her feet. Five miles, four miles, three miles, two, and then—she never

quite remembered how she came to the hut where she was born! Two miles—two hours of incredible agony, now running, now leaning against a palm tree, now dropping to her knees, now fighting on and on, she came at last to the one spot in the world where she could die in peace.

As she staggered, stumbled through the village, Yusef, the drunken gaffir, saw her. He did not dare speak to her, for had he not killed her father, and had he not bought himself free of punishment from the Mudir? So he ran to old Fatima and knocked upon her door with his neboot, crying: "In the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful, go to the hut of Wassef, the camel-driver!"

Thus it was that Soada heard a voice say out of the infinite distance of her agony:

"All praise be to Allah, he hath even now the strength of a year-old child!"

#### IV.

That night at sunset, as Soada lay upon the sheepskin spread for her, with the child nestled between her arm and her breast, a figure darkened the doorway, and old Fatima cried out, "Mohammed Salim!"

With a gasping sound Soada gathered the child quickly to her breast, and shrank back to the wall. This surely was the ghost of Mohammed Salim—this gaunt, stooping figure covered with dust!

"Soada, in the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful, Soada, beautiful one!"

Mohammed, Salim once the lithe, the straight, the graceful, now bent, awkward, fevered, all the old daring gone from him, stood still in the middle of the room, humbled before the motherhood in his sight.

"Brother of jackals!" cried old Fatima, "what dost thou here before her whom thou forsook! What dost thou here, dog of dogs!" She spat at him.

He took no notice. "Soada," he said, eagerly, prayerfully, and his voice, though hoarse, was softer than she had ever heard it before. "Soada, I have come through death to thee. . . . Listen, Soada! At night when sleep was upon the barrack-house, I stole out to come to thee. My heart had been hard. I had not known how much I loved thee . . ."

Soada interrupted him. "What dost thou know of love, Mohammed Salim? The blood of the dead cries from the ground!"

He came a step nearer. "The blood of Wassef, the camel-driver, is upon my head," he said. "In the desert there came news of it. In the desert, even while we fought the wild tribes, one to ten, a voice kept crying in my ear, even as thou hast cried, 'What didst thou know of love, Mohammed Salim!' One by one the men of Beni Souef fell round me; one by one they spoke of their village and of their women; and begged for a drop of water, and died. And my heart grew hot within me, and a spirit kept whispering in my ear, 'Mohammed Salim, think of the village thou hast shamed, of Soada thou hast wronged! No drop of water shall cheer thy soul in dying!'"

Fatima and Soada listened now with bated breath, for this was the voice of one who had drunk the vinegar and gall of life.

"When the day was done, and sleep was upon the barrack-house, my heart waked up and I knew that I loved Soada as I had never loved her. I ran into the desert, and the jackals flew before me, outcasts of the desert, they and I. When I came to the tomb of Amshar the Sheikh, by which was a well, I found a train of camels. One of these I stole, and again I ran into the desert, and left the jackals behind. Hour after hour, day and night, I plunged on. But faintness was upon me, and dreams came. For though only the sands were before me, I seemed to watch the Nile running—running, and thou beside it, hastening with it, hastening, hastening toward thy home. And Allah put a thorn into my heart, that a sharp pain went through my body—and at last I fell."

Soada's eyes were on him now with a strange swimming brilliancy. "Mahomed, Mohammed Salim, Allah touched thine eyes that thou didst see truly," she said, eagerly.

"Speak not till I have done," he answered. "When I waked again I was alone in the desert, no food, no water, and the dead camel beside me. But I had no fear. If it be God's will, said I, then shall I come unto Soada. If it be not God's will, so be it; for are we not on the cushion of His mercy, to sleep or to wake, to live or to die!"





"She must go down the Nile, hiding by day, travelling by night—the homing bird with a broken wing."



He paused tottering, and presently sank upon the ground, his hands dropped before him, his head bent down. Old Fatima touched him on the shoulder.

"Brother of vultures didst thou go forth; brother of eagles dost thou return," she said. "Eat, drink, in the house of thy child and its mother."

"Shall the unforgiven eat or drink?" he said, and he rocked his body to and fro, like one who chants the Koran in a corner of El Azhar, forgetting and forgotten.

Soada's eyes were on him now as though they might never leave him again, and she dragged herself little by little toward him, herself and the child—little by little, until at last she touched his feet, and the child's face was turned toward him from its mother's breast.

"Thou art my love, Mohammed Salim," she said.

He raised his head from his hands, a hunger of desire in his face.

"Thou art my lord," she added; "art thou not forgiven? The little one is thine and mine," she whispered. "Wilt thou not speak to him?"

"Lest Allah should strike me with blindness and dry up the juice of my veins, I will not touch thee or the child until all be righted. Food will I not eat, nor water drink until thou art mine—by the law of the Prophet, mine!"

Laying down the water-jar and the plate of dourha bread, old Fatima gathered her robe about her, and cried as she ran from the house, "Marriage and fantasia thou shalt have this hour!"

The stiffness seemed to pass from her bones as she ran through the village to the house of the Omdah. Her voice, lifting shrilly, sang "The Song of Haleel," the song of the newly married, till it rose even to the call of the Muezzin on the tower of the mosque El Hassan and mingled with it, dying away over the fields of berseem and the swift-flowing Nile.

That night, Mohammed Salim and Soada, the daughter of Wassef, the camel-driver, were married, but the only fantasia they held was their own low laughter over the child. In the village, however, people were little moved to smile, for they knew that Mohammed Salim was a deserter from the army of Ismail at Dongola, and that meant death. But no one told Soada this, and she did not

think; she was content to rest in the fleeting dream undisturbed.

"Give them twenty-four hours," said the Mamoor to the black-visaged, fat sergeant of cavalry, come to arrest Mohammed Salim for desertion.

The father of Mohammed Salim again offered the Mamoor a feddan of land if the young man might go free, and to the sergeant he offered a she-camel and a buffalo. To no purpose. It was Mohammed Salim himself who saved his father's goods to him. He sent this word to the sergeant by Yusef, the drunken gaffir:

"Give me to another sunset and sunrise, and what I have is thine: an onion field and three black donkeys of Assiut rented to old Abdullah, the saraf!"

Because with this offer he should not only have backsheesh, but the man also, the fat sergeant gave him leave.

When the time was up, and Mohammed Salim drew Soada's face to his breast, he knew that it was the last look and last embrace. "I am going back," he said; "my place is empty at Dongola."

"No, no, thou shalt not go," she cried. "See how the little one loves thee," and, sobbing, she held the child up to him.

But he spoke softly to her, and at last she said:

"Kiss me Mohammed Salim. Behold now, thy discharge shall be bought from the palace of Ismail the Khedive, and soon thou wilt return," she cried.

"If it be the will of God," he answered; "but the look of thine eyes I will take with me, and the face of the child here." He thrust a finger into the palm of the child, and the little dark hand closed round it. But when he would have taken it away, the little hand still clung, though the eyes were scarce opened upon life.

"See, Mohammed Salim," Soada cried, "he would go with thee."

"He shall come to me one day, by the mercy of God," answered Mohammed Salim.

Then he went out into the marketplace and gave himself up to the fat sergeant. As they reached the outskirts of the village, a sorry camel came with a sprawling gallop after them, and swaying and rolling above it was Yusef, the drunken gaffir, his neboot of dom-wood across his knees.

"What dost thou come for, friend of



"'The little one is thine and mine,' she whispered."

the mercy of God?" asked Mohammed Salim.

"To be thy messenger, praise be to God!" answered Yusef, swinging his water-bottle clear for a drink.

V.

In Egypt, the longest way round is not the shortest way home, and that was why Mohammed Salim's court-martial took just three minutes and a half; and the bimbashi who judged him found even that too long, for he yawned in the de-

serter's face as he condemned him to death.

Not an eyelid quivered in Mohammed Salim's face when the sentence was pronounced. His face had an apathetic look. It seemed as if it were all one to him. But when they had turned him round to march to the shed where he was to be kept, till hung like a pig at sunrise, his eye glanced round restlessly. For even as his sentence had been pronounced a new idea had come into his head. Over the heads of the Gippy soldiers with their

pipestem legs, his look flashed eagerly, then a little painfully; then suddenly stayed, for it rested on the green turban of Yusef, the drunken gaffir. Yusef's eyes were almost shut; his face had the gray look of fresh-killed veal, for he had come from an awful debauch of hasheesh.

"Allah—Allah!" cried Mohammed Salim, for that was the sound which always waked the torpid brain of Yusef, since Wassef's, the camel-driver's skull had cracked under his neboot.

Yusef's wide shoulders straightened back, his tongue licked his lips, his eyes stared before him, his throat was dry. He licked his lips again. "Allah!" he cried, and ran forward.

The soldiers thrust Yusef back. Mohammed Salim turned and whispered to the sergeant. "Backsheesh!" he said; "my gray Arab for a word with Yusef, the gaffir."

"Malesh," said the sergeant; and the soldiers cleared a way for Yusef.

The palms of the men from Beni Souef met once, twice, thrice; they touched their lips, their breasts, their foreheads, with their hands, three times. Then Mohammed Salim fell upon the breast of Yusef and embraced him. As he did so, he whispered in his ear: "In the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful, tell Soada I died fighting the Dervishes!"

"So be it, in God's name!" said Yusef. "A safe journey to you, brother of giants!"

Next morning at sunrise, between two dom-palms stood Mohammed Salim; but not more than a little handful of the soldiers sent to see him die, laughed when the rope was thrown over his head. For his story had gone abroad, and it was said that he was mad—none but a madman would throw away his life for a fella woman. And was it not written that a madman was one beloved of Allah, who had taken his spirit up into heaven, leaving only the

disordered body behind!

If at the last moment, Mohammed Salim had but cried out, "I am mad; with my eyes I have seen God!" no man would have touched the rope that strung him up that day.

But after the sacred custom. Mohammed Salim only asked for a bowl of water, drank it, said "Allah!" and bowed his head three times toward Mecca—and bowed his head no more.

Before another quarter was ad-

ded to the moon, Yusef, the drunken gaffir, at the door of Soada's hut in Beni Souef, told old Fatima, the most wonderful tale of how Mohammed Salim had died on his sheepskin, having killed ten Dervishes with his own hand, and that a whole regiment had attended his funeral.

This is to the credit account of Yusef, that the last half of his statement was no lie.



"Then Mohammed Salim fell on the breast of Yusef."

## THE COMING OF THE CIRCUS



BY EUGENE WOOD

THE little boys returning from Sunday school, go the long way round so as to pass the engine-house, where there is a great, big bill-board with circus posters on it, that somehow bloomed out there while they slept. The Golden Text is forgotten now, eclipsed by the glories of the Golden Chariot as pictured forth. In the chariot rides the band, whose bass-drummer is honored above his fellows by having a canopy over him. On that canopy revolves the head of a clown, with his tongue stuck out. There is a carved golden circus-girl in short skirts on either side of the bows of this chariot, and if any presume to build a circus band-wagon without the fool's head and the circus-girl, let him be anathema.

Sixteen prancing horses, with necks arched like the rainbow, draw the Golden Chariot, which leads a procession that zigzags back and forth in the picture, until the tiny hindmost vans are lost in a green and blue and yellow haze.

And here is the rhi-noc-e-ros, an interior view of the same with his mouth wide open, five feet from gum to gum. Daniel in the lions' den? What was he to the brave man that gets into the cage every day, and even puts his head into the big lion's mouth?

"S'posed the lion should shut his mouth and bite the man's head off? Gosh!"

The swarm is thickest about the part of the bills that sets forth the circus, where with fists clinched to their breasts and

spines bent backward till their toes touch the tops of their heads, men hurtle through hoops, leaping upward from the backs of galloping horses, or where they

"Fly through the air with the greatest of ease,  
The daring young men on the flying trapeze."

Oh, the wonder of it! The shrill young voices rise above the Sabbath stillness in choruses of admiration.

"A-a-ah! They don't do haaf in the show what they say they will on the bills," sneers a bigger boy, whose voice rasps and threatens to crack every second. He knows it all. He is the embodiment of "the spirit I that evermore denies." He tells them that nobody could walk up that ladder made out of real sharp swords. They'd cut their feet.

"They can so walk up it," vehemently declares one boy.

"Naw, they can't, either. How kin they?"

"Well, they can so. I seen 'em do it. The time I went with Uncle George, they done it. Yes, sharp. Cut paper with 'em. Ah, I did so."

One question serves to hush the carping spirit of criticism. "Be you goin'?"

"I guess so," says the critic. That means: "I hope so," or "if pa'll let me," or "if I can pick up enough old iron to sell between now and the time the circus comes."

In every home the prayer goes up: "Pa, c'n I go to the circus? Aw, please. Aw now, I want to go. Aw, I think

you're mean. Eddie Pilcher's pa's goin' to let him go. Aw now, pa, woncha lemme go? Aw, pa. An' Jimmy Morrison, he's goin'! All the boys is goin' but me 'nless you lemme go. Aw, pa-*wuh!* Oh, Percy Copeland ain't goin'. He never gits to go anywheres but prayer meetin's. His pa's sanctified and won't let 'im. Aw, pa! You will? Oh, you're just the best pa that ever was! Hooray! Hoo-woo-woo-woo! Oh, Billee! I'm goin' to the circus! Pa said I might. Why'n't you ast your pa to let you go? Jist tease him. That's the way I done."

Thereafter the piercing cries of mothers are heard: "Willee! Willy! Come right down off that fence! Do you hear me? Willy! You'd feel flat if you fell off and broke your leg—Willy! stop trying to walk that fence. I shall tell your father when he comes home this evening."

The clothes-line disappears. Part of it went to make that trapeze in Platt's hay-mow, and part was stretched across the grape arbor where, with a clothes-prop for a balance pole, a young Blondin finds out that walking on a rope is not so easy as it looks. But then the reason for that is not strange. "To the circus, the people that walks the rope has chalk to put on their shoes and that's what

keeps them from slipping." The boy who discovers that he cannot put his heels on the top of his head, knows the reason why he cannot and why the circus people can. It is very simple. "When they were young, they took and rubbed them all over with snake oil. That's what makes them so limber. Because you see a snake is limber. So you get a lot of snakes and try the grease out of them and then rub yourself with it, and you'll get supple just the same as them. But snakes are so hard to get. Harry Hipple, he knows where there are snakes because he caught a garter-snake there last summer. Great big fellow he was; so long. Perhaps if you can't get snakes, fish worms will do as well; they're all twisty and limber."

Alas! fish worms refuse to contribute oil. They dry up in the sun like so many twigs.

"And say, Gas-pipe. Want to tell you something. Come over here. Don't you tell anybody. Cross your heart? Hope to die? Deed and double now. Say, let's you and me run off with the circus. You know I promised you the last time. I'll go if you will. I got thirty-seven cents; how much you got? Do you s'pose they'll take us? If they take you and your folks comes after you, why the circus people'll fight to keep you. Say, won't it be fine to be all dressed up in show clothes and ride standing up? Jever stands up on a horse? I did when I was out to grandpa's last summer. I stood up on old Tib a little while. No, not very long. I slipped off. To the circus, they put rozzum on the horse's back and that keeps you from slipping. That's your mother calling you. Let on you don't hear her. Aw, stay. Aw, you ain't got to go neither. Say, let's get up early and see the circus come in, will you? I will if you will. Remember now, don't you tell anybody. You know."

Before night it was whispered all over town, that Spatsy Platt was going to run off with the circus.

All the town is asleep it seems to the boy who slips out of his front gate and softly snibs the



The Acrobat Bear Rehearsing.



The Band.

latch behind. It is so still that, though he is a mile or more away from the railroad, he can hear the night yard-master bawl out: "Run them three empties over on number four track!" and the short exhaust of the pony-engine, and the succeeding crash of the cars as they bump against their fellows. He looks up at the flickering flame of the gas-lamp on the corner, and it is the only familiar thing to him in a strange world, the world of three o'clock in the morning. He hears the sound of hurrying feet, and a cold terror contracts his heart till he sees it is a boy bound on the same errand, to see the circus come in. A sense of heroism possesses them. They are the first ones up in the whole town, they who have to be called so often in order to go to school in time.

Down at the freight-house they find others shivering on the platform, fellows that were awake long before them. There are even three boys who have been up all night so as not to miss it. They are from across the tracks, and our boys don't speak to them. They are sort of afraid to. The boys from across the tracks have lots more fun. They can chew tobacco and swear, and not get licked for it. The boys from across the tracks know they have an

admiring audience, and they say all the bad words they can think of just to show off. One of them has a "mouth-harp," and he plays tunes for Patsy Gubbins to dance by. "Patsy can dance fine. He could go with a 'troupe' if he wanted to."

Every few minutes they look up the track, but nothing comes in sight. A brakeman passes, swinging a lantern. They ask him what time it is. He says it is "thirty-two." That's the way a brakeman talks. He doesn't say it's half-past anything. It's almost as big to be a brakeman as it is to go with a circus—go to Marysville and Mechanicsburg and all over.

"Gee! ain't it cold!"

The maple trees in the street which, a little while ago, looked as if they had big white flowers like dogwood stuck in where through the leaves the pale sky shows, now resemble lace-work. Presently the heavens and the earth are bathed in a liquid blue, that casts a spell of witchcraft on the soul so that, whosoever sees it, yearns for something as far beyond him as what he is, is far from what he meant to be. While one looks and notes this, the birds have suddenly awakened. Lo! the blue fades, and in the east is a faint



The Bareback Riders Rehearsing.





greenish tinge like the color of a duck-egg. There comes a roar. It strengthens and strengthens, and down the main track rattles the circus-train, or, rather, the first one of the circus-trains.

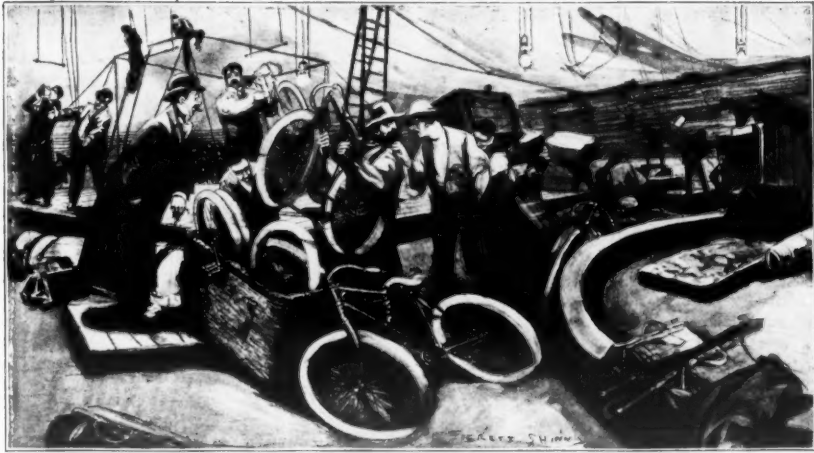
In every boy's heart a moment ago was the resolve to go right up to the man who runs the show, and ask him if he wouldn't please let him go with the circus, or at least let him carry water for the elephants. But the resolve wilts like a flower on a hot stove, when they see how surly all the men look, rubbing the sleep out of their eyes, and all frowzy and unwashed, yet jumping at the word of the boss. This is no time to fool with boys. Even the bold fellows from across the track are told to get to some place out of there, and be emphatically quick about it, too. They see the chucks knocked away which hold the wagons fast on the flat cars. They see the wagons let down to the ground by snatch-block and tackle. They note the boss canvasman, the architect of the City of Enchantment, driving away to the lots, carrying his sheaf of iron skewers with which to mark where the stakes are to be driven. If they hurry they will see him lay off with his tape-line the ground plan of the city, selecting first where he will have the front door, which should be nearest the city or its street-car service, and as to the other tents, cutting his coat according to the cloth.

The stake-wagon rumbles up, and the pole-wagon with its poles fifty-three feet

long, that hold up the canvas to its loftiest height. Twenty-one gangs, of seven men each, are rapidly swinging sledges, which revolve like the vans of a wind-mill, and the earth bristles with stakes.

The timid boys, chased hither and thither like the chaff which the wind driveth away, behold afar off the centre poles of the menagerie tent, the first to rise. Three of these centre poles are laid on the ground along the long axis of the ellipse, their butts not in a hole in the ground as the boys fancied, but against stakes. Two guys are rigged to the top and made fast. Then on a third guy, the continuation of the long diameter of the tent, a lot of men fling themselves and pull till the pole stands erect and is stayed fast. The others go up in like fashion. Pulleys are inserted in each pole at the top and the bottom. Around each is an iron bail-ring. To this is lashed the peaks of the canvas pieces which have been unrolled. With a deftness that seems miraculous, the canvasmen lace these together. Teams of horses, urged with mighty oburgations, delivered with a fluency and authority far exceeding the puny efforts of the boys from across the tracks, tug on lines passing through the pulleys, and hoist the canvas up half mast. There the quarter poles are thrust into their grommets, iron rings sewed into the covering of the tent and reinforced with stout pieces of duck. Then the whole spread is pulled up "two blocks," as the phrase goes, that is, clear to the





top, and made fast. The sides are guyed out to the stakes, and the cages are driven in and ranged about where the side walls are being hung and pinned down.

The circus tent, being a ridge rope top, is a little different proposition, but it is done by block and tackle and teams of horses. The main thing about the circus tent is the pretty way the seating is laid off. When a man looks into it, he sees that the circus business is just like every other business. Unless things are done with the strictest attention to detail there is going to be trouble. There is no confusion, because every man knows just what he has to do. A performer doesn't have to hunt high and low for his things, as other folks do when they move from one house to another, but everything he wants to use is in a special compartment, say, number 28 in wagon number 43, to which he alone has the key. So the place is marked where must stand all the big capital A's for the back row of seats, the middle-sized A's for the middle seats, and the little fellows which support the bottom rows. Each capital A has a slot in the peak into which sets a board, notched like the string of a stair-case. On these steps is laid a narrow board, affording a seat about as luxurious as a bed-slat. It is not of record, though, that any boy who went to a circus when he did not expect to, and had to sit on one of these seats, has ever complained of its hardness.

It will occasion no very violent sur-

prise to know that after the menagerie tent is set, and things are under shelter, the cooking tents are soon erected. Strictly speaking, the cooking is not done in tents, but in the open and in Buzzacott ovens, or something like those the soldiers use in the field. The tents are really for the shelter of the employees, the one with the gorgeous red table-cloth for the use of the nobility and gentry, and the one with bare tables for the laborers. The town boys are permitted to stand outside the ropes and smell the acrid thin blue wood smoke as it mingles with the savory odors, all the more savory because they have been up and about for so long in the chill morning air without breakfast. Even more truly than ever do they recognize that they are out of it when they see others feasting with not even a glance at them. From the laborers' tent they hear shouts of: "Send that walking-boss down this way," or "Pass the punk," words that convey to them no notion of food, but words that, all the circus world over, are sacred to molasses and bread. It is perhaps this sentiment of resentment against being so contemptuously ignored that makes every boy that ever saw show-people in street clothes at the eating tent, say with a scornful curl of the lip: "Well, I don't see as they're such fine-looking folks after all." It is hard to get over the superstition that they ought always to wear spangled tights.

While the erecting of the stable tents,

the dressing tents, and the rest, is in process, the rings are being plowed in the circus tent—that is, if it is to be a one-night stand, for there is nothing better than the old dug ring. But if the stand is to be longer, they must be built with curved boxes, for too long riding against the earthen barrier wears it wider. Some of the boys who love horses find comfort in watching them fed and groomed. They will never know, unless some older person tells them, that once upon a time the orthodox circus horse had to be "calico" or "pinto." But nowadays there are no more spotted and gaily marked horses in a circus. They are all solid colors, black, brown or bay, or, like Homer's, "whiter than milk and fleetier than the wind." The spotted horse and the funny old clown, with songs, wander together across the fields of oblivion. But it is true, just as the boys say, that the animals which amble so gently and rhythmically around the ring have rosin on them. They fairly glisten with it, and a man wearing roller skates, as he stood on their broad backs, could hardly slip off.

If any boys get to carry water it is those from across the tracks, but not water for the elephant. It is their proud privilege to wait on the toilet of a real show actor, who doesn't feel like lugging a bucket of water from the water wagon to his particular dressing-place. The guerdon is "Thanks," and perhaps a nickel, but tickets for the show are believed to be scarce. The nice boys don't find this out. There is that within them, not themselves, that makes for the home breakfast-table, and besides everything is enclosed now, anyway. Only occasionally, when

some bold spirit lifts up the menagerie canvas, and peers in, can the vague forms of the elephants be seen, swaying back and forth and squalling like parrots. When the keepers detect them in incipient mischief, they whack them on the nose, which gives forth a sound like an empty valise. The bold spirit does not look very long, for canvasmen have never been noted for their gentle ways, and "sidewalling" is the "canvasman's graft," not lightly to be parted with, especially to little boys that never, in all their lives, had more than eight cents at one time.

While the nice boys are getting a cold breakfast and a warm scolding from their mothers, the protecting canvas has been stripped from the red and gold vans, and those that are to take part in the street parade get into their wardrobe for "the drill."

The hitching posts are full of whinnying country horses, and big, red-necked men walk about town with that long loping step which comes from working on plowed ground. Following them are lank women with their front teeth gone and

the figures bowed from hard work, dragging wide-eyed children whose uncouth finery betrays the "country jake," even if the freckles and the sun-faded hair could keep it a secret. They have ventured to town to see the show come in, and for many of them that will be all to be seen. How every sense is benumbed and stunned into unconsciousness by the splendor of it all! How magnificent appears the carved work of the wagons as they rumble past, the driver rolling and pitching in his seat as he handles the ribbons of eight



Barback Riders Awaiting Rehearsal.



horses. Maybe it is Jack Shumate, who has been in the business for thirty-seven years, and simply knows all that there is to be known about horses. He has charge of the 400 that go with this show, and can tell you how they die from sheer heartbreak and pining for the music and the excitement of the life when they are separated from it. Admiration for his driving fills the farmers' heart as much as the red and golden radiance of the chariots dazzle the children. And, oh! the music! Poor starved souls, they haven't heard anything finer than a reed-organ in the meeting house droning "Bringing in the Sheaves." And here there is a big band crashing out melodies that stir the soul to the profoundest depths—music like "The Stars and Stripes Forever," or, "I Love Her in the Same Old Way."

"And, oh, looky! Here come the elephants, just the same as in the geography book. And see the men walking beside them. They come from where the elephants do; see, they have got on the clothes they wear over in that country. Don't they look proud? Well, why shouldn't they be proud to walk with an elephant that way? And if you ever do anything to an elephant, he'll always remember it, and some day he'll get even with you. One time there was a man, and he gave an elephant a chew of tobacco, and— O-o-oh! See that man riding in the cage with the lions! Don't it make the cold chills run all over you? I wouldn't be in there for a million dollars, would you, ma?"

"What they laughing at down the street? Ma, make Lizzie get down; she's right in my way. I don't want to see it

pretty soon; I want to see it *now*. Oh, ain't it funny? See the old clowns playing on horns! Ain't they just too killing! Oh, look at them ponies. Aw, don't I wish I had one. I know a boy that's got a goat that he can hitch up. What was that, pa?"

"Whoa, Nell, nothing to hurt you. Steady, gal, steady; he can't get out. Whoa-whoa-hup! Whaddy you 'bout? Fool horse! Yes-yes, it's a lion roaring in his cage, or a tiger, or something. Well, that's the last. Why, child, I can't make them have any bigger parade. There's no use waiting here. They won't come around this way again. Did you get all your trading done, mother? Well, I expect we'd better put for home. Now, Eddy, I told you 'No' once, and that settles it. Now stop your crying. Hush up, I tell you."

There is a sigh and a drooping of the face, and a resolve in a boyish heart that some of these days when he gets to be a big man and has a lot of money he's going to see the circus every day. Maybe he'll run off with one. "Mean old pa, anyhow."

It takes from about six until eleven-thirty in the morning for the canvasmen to get through with their work. From then till about a quarter before nine at night they have not much to do, unless you call it work to watch your chance and smuggle somebody with fifteen cents in his hand under the side wall. They lie around and sleep where they can find a soft and shady spot. The property-men, chandelier-men, wardrobe-men and the rest are busy for a while. The man who looks after the seals and sea lions fixes their bath for them and keeps an eye on them.



The Clowns Rehearsing.

The other animal tenders potter around killing time, and one fellow strolls over to the elephant-men and begins "bawling off."

"Which o' youse fellers tuck my bucket?"

"Ah, I dunno naw'hin' about yer ole bucket."

"Well, some o' youse fellers tuck it an' washed sumpin' in it, an' you know mighty dog-goned well them yaks an' water buffaloes won't drink out o' nothin't's had soapsuds into it. Now I give youse fair warnin' that if——"

"Ah, go chase yerself, will yah? Hey, Romey! Git back there. That's the meanest bull in the shop."

The elephant-men have to mind their charges every hour of the day and night. The "bull," to use circus slang, sleeps only about two hours, and often does that on his feet. One fool African elephant—they can't be taught to do anything, and the commonest saying about a show is that they are not worth the hay they eat—has been known to go three weeks without lying down at all. The elephant is always fidgeting about, always swaying that ridiculous hulk of his, which seems to be clad in his big brother's cast-off breeches, always stirring up strife, and

always picking at something with his trunk. He might loosen his stake and run wild. He must have something to occupy his mind, and so bales of hay are always at hand to be doled out to him. He must be always scolded and talked to, and told to keep out of that, or get back there, or come out where he can be seen. When he isn't being talked to, he is being rapped on the nose with a "bull-hook." An elephant has a hide about an inch thick, a temper that is as uncertain as the toss of a coin, the cruelty of an Apache, and the destructiveness of a tornado. Some wise and kind-hearted men in New York who couldn't bear to see a poor dumb brute suffer, decreed that the "bull-hook" must not be used. They didn't have to be with the elephants all the time. The men who did, either hid the hook part in their hands while the agents of the S. P. C. A. were around, or displayed broomsticks that would bring an elephant to time about as soon as a feather duster would stop a cyclone. The bull-hook is shaped like a boat-hook. It has a straight point. This is to jab in where the skin is tenderest, near the root of the tail. It is a sight well worth seeing to witness Patsy Forepaugh (his name is Mears, but he was with Addie Forepaugh so long that

people hardly know what his right name is) get the elephants to bunt the wagons up from the basement of the Madison Square Garden. He is the boss of all the herd, a short, stocky little man with a quick eye—he needs it in his business—and something about his looks which says that if you want to get into a fight with him you had better make arrangements to spend about six weeks in the hospital. The workmen get the wagon slewed around, so that it will go up the inclined plane. Then they scatter like trash before a broom. Here comes Patsy walking along with two elephants, their attitude seeming to say: "We don't want to," while Patsy's seems to say: "This one right here. All together now." They make curious noises. They sometimes whine so that you can locate the very spot it comes from, and other times the sound is like the last pedal key of a church organ. Oftenest it is like an amateur trying to blow a cornet for the first time. They shuffle up to a wagon, put their foreheads against it, and up it goes. Patsy trots behind them, making vicious downward jabs with the hook, while he shouts "Hooyah! hooyah!" They scull their way along the inclined plane and toddle down again for more. Once I saw a wagon half way up, come rolling down while the elephants turned tail and ran trumpeting with terror. A lion inside, angry at having his sleep broken, roared. That was all Romey and John wanted to hear. They fled, Patsy after them with his hook, and though they snuffed and breathed hard, they had to come and push that wagon up. Perhaps they will treasure that up and some day— Well, some day they are sure to get him.

If anybody is looking for horrors, he needs only to get well acquainted with some elephant-men. They have a phrase: "He had me in the air." It tells this

story: He stood a little too close, and the bull reached out his long proboscis and grabbed him round the waist. If he hadn't had a pair of scissors in his hand or a penknife—the men that don't have such things don't tell you about it, for obvious reasons—he would have been slammed down on the ground and knelt upon till his ribs cracked like a wicker basket. It is pretty hard to see an elephant's teeth, but he has them. There is a man in a certain hospital now who knows a lot about them. His arm was chewed to a pulp by a full set of uppers and lowers. The other fellows jabbed a bull-hook in the tender parts of the brute's mouth and brought him down whimpering with pain. When the ambulance surgeon came, he found the man had both legs, both arms, and three ribs broken. Next time you see an elephant look at his ears. If they are all ragged and full of scars, keep as far from him as you can. He is vicious. In his past tantrums the men have caught the hook in there to pull him down on his knees into subjection. It hurts him to stick him in the ear.

A long time ago a boy in Charlotte, N. C., sat up to see the circus come in. A vicious old elephant, Chief, was being let out of his car. He took a sudden fit of anger against his keeper, man of the name of King and just mashed him against the side of the car. King gasped out: "Turn 'Marry' loose!" and died.



"Mary" was the mother of the herd. Chief started on the run, trumpeting with fury, and the people that had come to see, scattered like sparrows. Mary pursued and caught up with the runaway in the court-house square. She tore the handle out of the town-pump and belabored Chief with that till she got him back to the show. What he saw then scared that boy of elephants. He now has the contract for supplying \$225 worth of hay and feed for the horses and elephants of the circus, and he it was who said to the writer:

"Look out for that fellow. He's got a record of nine men. Unless you'd like to make the tenth."

"But old John! Why, there wasn't a bit of harm in old John, was there, John? Nice old fellow. Shake hands. Pretty big hand, isn't it? Want to see if there are any peanuts in my pocket?"

It gave one the horrors to see the great, gray serpent of a trunk winding about the man's waist.

Every year, when this show goes to Charlotte, all hands take a day off and go in procession to the cemetery, the band playing Chopin's funeral march and the elephants shuffling in the lead. Chief isn't there, because they had to kill him in Cincinnati. He got too wicked. There is an elephant carved on the big marble monument. The elephant-men take their chances every minute of having one like it for \$40 a month and board. At the end of every season they promise themselves and each other that they will never look at an elephant again. But when the time comes for the show to come out of winter quarters, and the performers meet to practice and work off the winter's fat and stiffness, the bull men show up, too. At least one of them comes of good family and has a college education.

"The bad boys from across the tracks don't go to the show in the afternoon. They wait until night, when it is so much better. They have all the fun, they do. They can go swimming, too, without having to ask. The nice boys have to go in the afternoon. They come home all tired out and hungry and full of glorious dreams of a show of their own. They will practice up and learn to walk the tight-rope or else the trapeze. Maybe Ducky Dillenbaugh's pa will let him have the grocery horse to ride. And charge

fifteen pins. Straight ones. How about the tent? What's the good of a circus if it isn't in a tent? Say, get all the boys that are in the show—there'll have to be a lot of them in it. The girls will be the audience. They can always get fifteen pins, and whoever heard of a girl in a show?—get all the boys to ask their mothers to let them have a sheet, and then fasten them together."

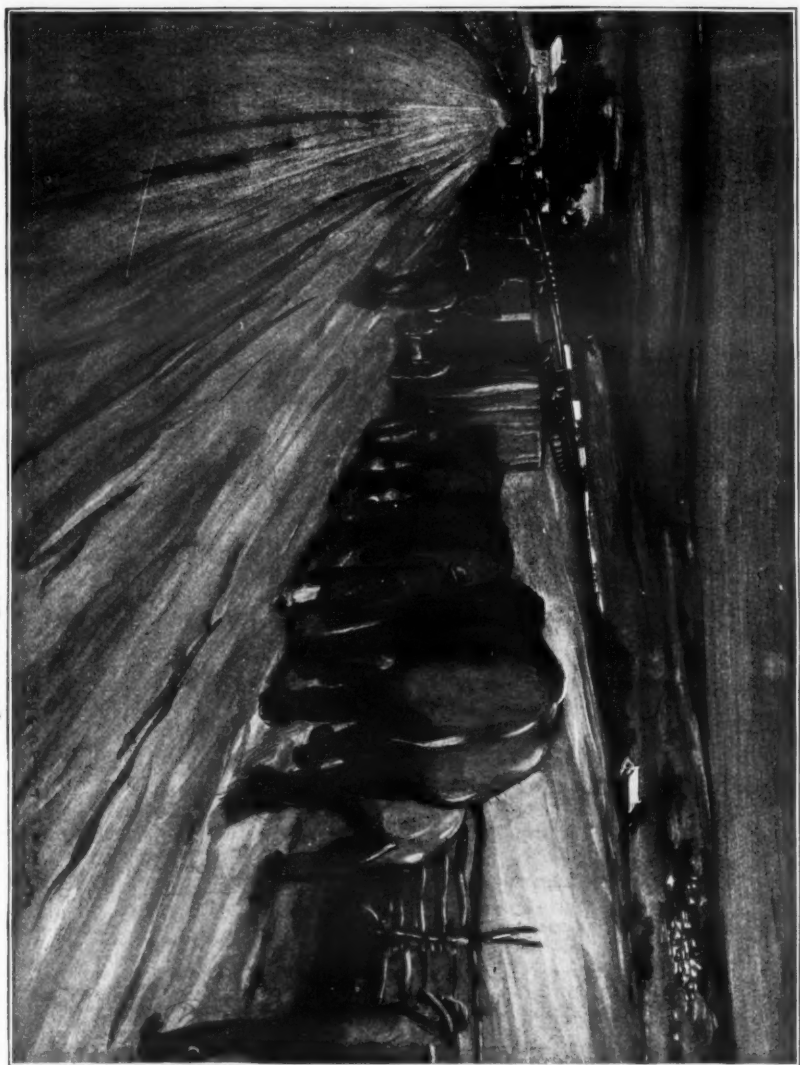
It looks to be the easiest thing in the world to persuade other boys' mothers to lend a sheet. As for one's own—m'well.

After supper, when cutting kindling for morning, through the music that the wind waves like a flag as it floats from the circus band playing away off yonder in Vandeman's lots, there comes a harsh sound like a lot of boards falling off a lumber pile. It makes the horses in Platt's barn stamp and nicker in their stalls. Ages ago, on far-off wind-swept plains, scorched by a tropical sun, the wild ancestors of these patient slaves of man heard that fearful sound and summoned all their valor and their speed. It still thrills their blood with fear, though for many a long generation none of their kin has even seen the beast whose thunderous hustling-cry they hear.

"Is that a lion roaring, pa? And is that all the difference between their roar and the ostrich's, that the lion always roars at night, and the ostrich only in the daytime?"

Early, very early that night, the boy who crept out of the house to see the show come in, "climbs the wooden hill," and ere he sleeps there unrolls before him the panorama of all that he has seen to delight the eye and spur the imagination. It is all for him, but he cannot know or realize at what a cost of blood and treasure. What perils of the jungle were dared by those that snared the savage beasts that pace up and down their cages and hunger for our flesh as we pass by just out of their reach; what tedious and torturing practice, what an infinitude of disheartening failures must have been the portion of those who seem to do their turn so gracefully and lightly; what sorridness of life must be the fate of those that have to live as do the common laborers of the show, no privacy, no chance to get really clean except on Sundays, always waging a hopeless war against vermin. And yet the fascination of it!





"The Last of the Canyaa City of Enchantment."



"For to admire and for to see,  
And for to roam this world so wide.  
It's never been no good to me,  
But I couldn't quit it if I tried."

Yet among the men who call each other "Bud," who wear "strides" for trousers, and "kicks" for shoes, and call a hat a "bonnet," who "kip" or "flop" when they sleep, there are self-controlled, judicious men. It would be strange perhaps if among 1235 men some could not be found that saved their money, and had a little put by. These keep themselves clean, do their own washing in odd times, and maybe some other fellow's, so there is nothing out of their pay wasted on laundries. They don't drink, and their five-cent paper of tobacco doesn't cost a great deal, so that in a season of seven months they will not have spent \$10. There is \$270 to begin with, and that will keep them nicely till the opening of the next season, if they don't choose to go to steamboating or working on the oyster beds, as many of them do. They get good board with the circus, coffee, bread and butter, boiled potatoes, steak, molasses and gravy for breakfast; steak, potatoes and apple-sauce for supper; soup, boiled or roast, two vegetables and prunes for dinner. It isn't such a terrible life as compared with that of the workingman mewed up in a factory.

The performance in the tent is fearfully drawing nearer and nearer to the end. The boys see this with a sinking heart. A man makes an announcement that surely betoken a time when all this glory must pass away. In sharp staccato tones he declaims aloud, "The perfwamnce ees not yet half ovah. The gentlemanly agents will pass around the ring with tickets for the concert." What he says about its being on a real stage with scenery falls dully upon the ears of the boy that has not "the smole sem of a daime, tain cents."

The fireworks at the end dazzle and delight him, but half their glory is spoiled by the thought that the blissful dream is o'er, and to-morrow returns the tedious round of life. As he clammers down the steps he notes that at the farther end of the tent from the stage, the quarter poles are being taken down and loaded into wagons, and when all is over at last, there is nothing but the seats just vacated, the quarter poles which stay up the canvas directly over them, and the centre poles remaining. Outside the main tent all is gone. At 8:45 the work began. As fast as anybody got through with his turn, the properties were all taken apart and put each in its numbered place in the wagon. Every bit of wardrobe for which each performer was responsible went into the little compartment of which he had the key. In their regular order each wagon moved off to the train waiting on the side track for it.

The circus tent stands alone. The gasoline chandeliers hang in the centre till all the properties are removed. Last and most difficult of all to get out is the spiral up which the man propels the globe. Then the stars are lowered and extinguished, and flaring torches light the place with their yellow smoky blaze. A stentorian voice calls out: "Get—readay—ay!" and presently sinks to the ground, the last of the Canvas City of Enchantment. The lacings are quickly undone, the pieces rolled up and put in the wagon, and the show is gone.

Next day the boys playing around Vandeman's lot see only the litter and the places where the rings were dug.

Don't you remember how Schumann's "Gipsy Life" ends?

"But when in the East dawns the first light of day

The visions of dreamland have vanished away.  
The mule's tramp is heard through the gray,  
misty air;

Away rides the gipsy, but who can tell where?"



# THE PARDON OF THOMAS WHALEN

BY BRAND WHITLOCK

THE private secretary turned reluctantly from his open window beside which the trees bathed their young leaves in the sparkling sunshine of the June morning to confront the throng that awaited audience with the Governor. The throng was larger than usual, for the State convention was to be held on the morrow. Every county in the State was represented in the crowd that trampled the red carpet, crushed the leather chairs and blew the smoke of campaign cigars, into the solemn faces of former governors standing in their massive gilt frames with their hands on ponderous law books. In one corner a woman huddled, pinching a handkerchief to her eyes. Now and then she sobbed aloud. When Leonard Gilman, the private secretary, saw her he knew it at once for a pardon case, and paid no further attention to her. Big countrymen in Sunday clothes, who wore the red badges of delegates, slapped him on the back, city ward-healers of checkered lives and garments called him "Len."

There was an odor of perspiration in the room, distinguishable even in the heavy fumes of tobacco. The real leaders, of course, William Handy and the others, were over at the Executive Mansion, with the Governor, completing the final arrangements for his renomination. The Governor held the convention in the hol- low of his hand.

The woman huddled in her corner until eleven o'clock, and then Gilman, hap- pening into her quarter of the room, asked her what she wanted, listening with official respect for her reply. It was an old story to him. When she told him he smiled a strange smile and turned away. At noon the Governor ran the gauntlet of

the waiting crowd and gained the sanc- tuary of his private office. Once there, breathing a sigh of relief, he stood for a moment in one of the tall windows look- ing out upon the smooth lawns stretching lazily in the sun, and rolling away to the elms surrounding the State House. He was a tall man and strong. If he had a physical fault, it was that he carried his head too low, denoting him a thinker, for, if his gaze was fixed upon the earth, his thoughts were in the stars. Presently he shook his splendid head vigorously, wrapped his long coat determinedly about him, and settled himself at his desk.

Gilman entered, bearing a pile of pa- pers demanding the Governor's personal attention, but the morning conference was very brief on this day. As Gilman turned to go, the Governor, wheeling about to his desk, said:

"I desire to be alone to-day. I have that speech of acceptance to write. If Handy comes, send him in, but no one else."

Gilman laid his hand upon the door- knob and the Governor said:

"No one of importance out there, is there?"

"No," said Gilman, "there's a wo- man—what do you think she wants?"

"A pardon, of course."

"Yes, but for whom? You'd never guess in a thousand years." Gilman was smiling.

"Then tell me."

"Tom Whalen!" Gilman laughed at the humor of it.

The Governor's features relaxed with a smile, but quickly his brow contracted again, and he said:

"Well—poor things—I pity them. I

could wash my hands in woman's tears every week."

"Well," said Gilman, opening the door, "I told her she could see you. I'll slide her out."

The Governor bent to his desk, but just as the door was closing he called:

"Oh, Gilman!"

Gilman stopped.

"Don't do that—tell her I'll see her after a while."

Gilman, as he returned to his desk, smiled and shook his head at the Governor's weakness.

Thomas Whalen was a life convict in the penitentiary. The crime was committed on the night of the election at which John Chatham had been chosen chief executive of his State. Whalen was a boss in the nineteenth ward and a Chatham man. The campaign had developed such bitterness that Whalen found it necessary to name himself a judge of election in the fourth precinct of his ward. Many times during the day blue patrol wagons had rolled into the precinct.

The polling place of the fourth precinct was a small barber shop in Fifteenth street. During the evening, as the ballots were being counted, it had become apparent that an altercation was in progress behind the yellow blinds. It was abruptly terminated by a shot. The lights in the shop were synchronously extinguished. A man burst from the door and fled. When the police arrived, they found a dead election judge face downward on the table. His name had been Brokoski. The bullet had passed entirely through his body, and reddened with his blood the ballots that gushed from the overturned box. The window at his back had been completely shattered by the ball as it flew

out into the alley. This was a large bullet, a 38 calibre. The police found a revolver gleaming in the light of the dark lanterns they flashed down the alley. It was a 38 calibre with one empty chamber. It was evident that the murderer had discarded it in his flight. A lieutenant of police at the Market Place Police Station easily identified the gun as one he had given to Whalen several weeks previously. The judges and clerks had rushed after Whalen. The shock, the sudden failure of light, the horror of the dead man in the dark had jangled their nerves. They were too excited to give a clear account of the affair. They knew that Whalen and Brokoski, sitting on opposite sides of the table, had been quarreling, they had heard the shot, had been blinded by the flash, and had seen Whalen bolt. Brokoski had fallen heavily upon the table, and died with an oath upon his lips.

Gilman never forgot that wild night. He had spent it with the Governor at the headquarters of the State Central Committee. In the dawn, when the east was yellowing, and sparrows began to scuffle and splutter on the eaves of the Federal building looming dour just over the way, the news of the murder and frauds had come to them. The

Governor's face, white with excitement and fatigue, had suddenly darkened. Had it been the shadow cast by the passing of a great ambition?

At the close of the long day the woman, beckoned by Gilman into the Governor's presence, lingered on the threshold of the chamber. The room was full of shadows. The figure of the Governor, standing in the tall window, shut out the waning light, and was silhouetted, big and black, against the twilight sky. He did not hear the



"Who wore the red badges of delegates."

woman enter. She coughed to attract his attention. This did not arouse him from his reverie, and after a moment's timid hesitation, she said:

"May I come in?"

The Governor turned. "Be seated, madam," he said. "I shall be quite frank with you. I am acquainted with this case, and do not believe it to be one justifying Executive clemency."

When she spoke her voice was tremulous.

"Will you hear my story?"

"You may proceed," the Governor replied. He had pushed the papers in the case aside and was drumming lightly with his long, white fingers on his desk.

The woman nervously pleaded her handkerchief, fearing to begin. "You must excuse me," she said, presently, "I cannot tell my story very well. I do not come here for mercy or anything like that. It is only a matter of justice."

Had it not been for the gloom, she might have seen a smile steal over the face of the dark figure at the desk. Once plunged into her narrative, her words flowed rapidly, until—suddenly she ceased to speak.

"That was five years ago," she said, her voice dropping to a sadly reminiscent whisper. "We were to have been married that spring, but—I would rather not tell the rest."

The woman probably felt her cheeks flush with warmth. She would have blushed, but color does not exist in darkness.

The Governor could hear her quick



"It was an old story to him."

breathing. In a minute he said, kindly:

"Well?"

The woman hesitated an instant, and then fairly blurted out the rest of her tale. The Governor, through the darkness, saw the woman lean, panting, toward him. Convulsively she pressed her hands to her face. She collapsed in tears. When her sobs became more regular, though still labored, the Governor said:

"And Whalen—he knew this?"

"He must have known."

"Then why did he not tell?"

The woman hung her head and said, in a low voice:

"I was mistaken, sir. The other woman lied."

"Ah, I see." The Governor turned and looked out of the windows. The old-fashioned iron lamps on the broad steps that led up to the State House were blinking in the dark trees, and the arc light swinging in the street swayed the shadows of their foliage back and forth on the white walks. A flash of heat lightning quivered over the purple outlines of the elms.

The Governor sat for a long time in sombre silence. The woman could hear the ticking of his watch. Presently he drew it from his pocket and struck a match.

"It is growing late," he said. "The tale you tell is a very remarkable tale. My time is so fully occupied that it will be impossible for me to devote any thought to it just now. If you will leave your address with my secretary I shall

communicate with you. Meanwhile—do not talk."

When the private secretary had conducted the woman from the room the Governor went to his window. The voices of the June night floated up to him, but he no longer heard their music. For the second time, at the name of Whalen, and even in the darkness, there swept over his face the shadow of the passing of a great ambition.

The convention met. The secretary never got down to S in calling the roll of counties, and the Governor was renominated by acclamation. But in all the exciting scenes of those two days, in the black moment of suspense before the roll call began, in the white instant of agony pending the poll of the Richland county delegation, in the golden hour of triumph, when he stood pale and bending before the mad applause rolling up to him in mighty billows, did he forget the name of Thomas Whalen, or did the face of that woman pass from him? They followed him persistently, they glimmered in his dreams. There was no escape from their pursuit.

After a week in which he found no ease, with the determination that characterized him when once aroused, he undertook a judicial investigation of the case. He obtained a transcript of record in the case, and read it carefully as if he had been retained in the case and sought error upon which to carry it to the Supreme Court. In the familiar work he found for a time relief.

Gilman, meanwhile, had forgotten the incident of the woman's visit. The idea of pardoning Tom Whalen was too preposterous to merit serious consideration. But, when the Governor told him to go to the penitentiary and interview Whalen, and then to the city and the locality of the crime for the purpose of learning all he could about Brokoski's death, he damned himself for having mentioned the fact of the woman's presence on that crowded, tobacco-clogged, perspiring morning. And as he left the capitol he resolved that his visit should be astonishingly barren of results.

Inside the warden's private office at the penitentiary he saw Whalen. The man had found the convict's friend, consumption, and Gilman hardly knew him. When the private secretary told him of

the application for his pardon, Whalen only smiled. Gilman found him strangely reticent, and after an effort to induce him to talk, said:

"Whalen, really now, did you kill Brokoski?"

The striped convict picked at the cap he held in his lap. A bitter smile wrinkled his pale, moist face.

"Suspected again, eh?" he said, without looking up.

Finally Whalen tired of the examination. He breathed with difficulty, but that may have been due to his disease. At last he raised his shaven head.

"Mr. Gilman," he said, "I see what you're getting at. I have told you I did not commit the crime for which I am here. For that matter, any of the three thousand other prisoners within these walls and wearing these clothes will tell you the same thing. I don't know whether you believe me or not. It doesn't make much difference. It doesn't matter what becomes of me any more. I ain't long for this world. So just let it drop—what's the use of opening it up again?"

"But you haven't answered my question," said Gilman, interested in spite of himself, for a great fear was growing up within him; "you have not told me who did kill Brokoski."

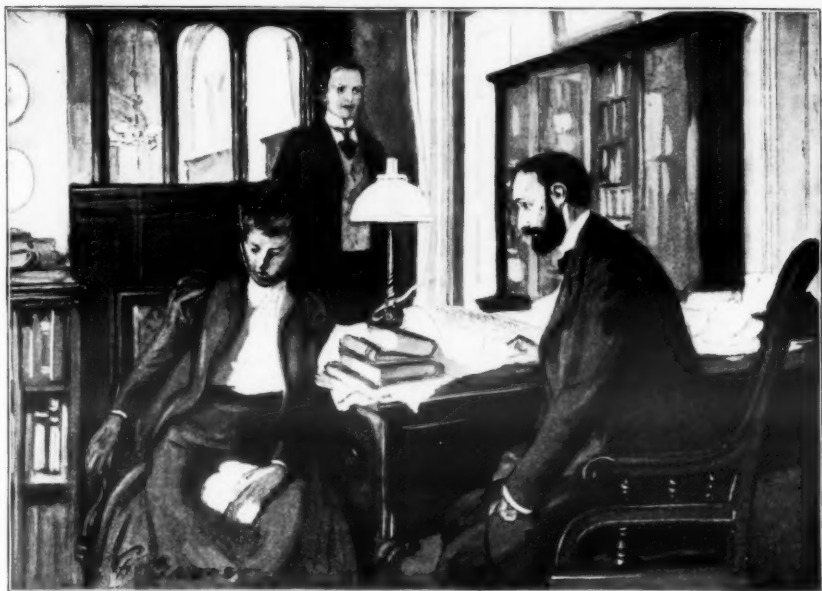
The convict lifted his eyelids slowly, and fastened his vision upon his interlocutor. And then he said very deliberately and distinctly:

"No, Mr. Gilman, and I never will!"

Gilman left the penitentiary with more than its gloom upon him. He declined the warden's effusive invitation to stay to dinner. He wanted to get away. He could not forget the shine in Whalen's eyes. And the fear within possessed him.

When he reached the city, after dining at the chop house where his old friends foregathered, he went out to Fifteenth street. Costello had sold his barber shop, and the place had become a saloon. The saloon was quiet that night. Gilman drank with the bartender, and, of course, talked about the Brokoski killing. The bartender had made a study of that case, and discussed it with the curled lip of the specialist.

"They didn't do a t'ing to Tom but t'row the hooks into 'im all right, all right. It was a case of him in the stripes from the start. Say, them lawyer guys and fly-cops'd frost you."



"The woman's fingers clawed the carved arm of the chair."

Then carefully locating the actors in the tragedy, he reproduced it vividly before Gilman's eyes. Brokoski had faced the wall where the hole was. Whalen's back had been to it. Brokoski had sat with his back to the window. The bartender plunged his red hands into a drawer, rattled a corkscrew, a knife and revolver and a jigger, and then drew out a piece of lead. It was a 38 calibre bullet.

"That's the boy that done Brokoski," he said.

"Where did you get it?" asked Gilman, with the mild awe a curio excites in men.

The bartender pointed to a ragged hole in the wainscoting.

"Dug it out o' there with the icepick. Sure," he sneered, "it might 'a' bounced off the Polock's breast."

The man wiped his towel over the bar in disgust.

Then seriously:

"On the dead, Mr. Gilman, if Tom had his rights, he'd be sent back to the ward to die."

Gilman was troubled. He returned in the morning and examined the premises carefully. At 2.20 that afternoon he was

on the Limited, flying back to the capitol.

That evening he was sitting with the Governor in the library of the Executive Mansion. The windows were open and the odor of lilacs was borne in from the summer night. A negro who had served half a dozen Governors, shuffled into the room, bearing a tray.

"That's excellent whisky," observed the private secretary.

"That was excellent whisky, Gilman," said the Governor, "before you were born."

The private secretary was rolling a cigarette. He rolled it with unusual deliberation, licking the rice paper many times before trusting himself to paste it down.

The Governor bit the end from a black cigar. A blazing match passed between them.

Then Gilman told of his interview with Whalen. He did not display much spirit in the telling. When he had done, he flicked the ash from his cigarette in a thoughtful way. Resting his forearms on his knees, he regarded the floor between his feet.

"Has it ever struck you as peculiar,"



he said, "that the bullet was not introduced in evidence?"

"No," said the Governor, "not very."

The private secretary paused. When he had done he laughed. The Governor was seriously silent for many minutes, and then he said:

"Leonard, I want you to tell me your theory of this whole business."

Gilman sat up. "Well," he said, "had it never occurred to you that it would have been significant to determine where that bullet lodged as showing its direction? It bored a hole clear through Brokoski, but at which end had it entered?"

"I presume the medical testimony settled that," replied the Governor. He seemed to find a species of relief in this thought.

"Yes," Gilman said, "but the medical testimony was bad. It consisted of the conclusions of a young doctor who examined Brokoski's body after it had grown cold. He accepted Whalen's guilt as an established fact. He assumed that the bullet entered at the breast. There was then nothing to do but to trace its course through the tissues of the body. If his views were correct, the ball would have lodged somewhere behind Brokoski."



"I am running this campaign."

"But it flew out into the alley," argued the Governor, "and shattered the window in doing so."

"True," assented Gilman, "and yet you assume all the while that Whalen fired the shot. Of course the circumstances attending the tragedy, the occasion, the quarrel, Whalen's flight, and the finding of his gun, lent strong color to that presumption."

"But the shattered window," the Governor interpolated.

"Yes, and the shattered window. Now," he continued, "a surgeon, experienced in gunshot wounds, might have been able to distinguish in such a wound as Brokoski's, the point of the missile's entrance from the point of exit. Of course it is not certain. The youth the police called did not think such an inquiry important, whereas it was vital. A pistol fired point-blank at a man would blacken his breast with powder. The velocity of the ball, fired at such range might have been sufficient to knock the man over backwards, instead of allowing him to fall upon his face as he did. Then, there's the window. It was shattered, the police said, by the ball. Even the glass in the upper sash was broken. The frame on the outside was blackened by powder, the stains even now being visible. Now, a bullet flying the distance it must have traversed between Whalen's hand and the window, would, in all probability, simply have perforated the glass with a round, clean hole. But the weapon having been fired in close proximity, the concussion shattered the whole window."

After a silence Gilman resumed:

"Now then, assume that the bullet entered Brokoski's back and emerged from his breast. The conclusion deduced from the circumstances I have suggested, is impregnable when that bullet is located in a position in front of Brokoski."

During the recital the Governor lay in his deep chair, his arms across his breast, his finger tips together. He regarded Gilman through half-closed eyes. A thoughtful observer would have said that he had heard the essential elements of the tale before. When he spoke, after a silence which had begun to annoy the private secretary, he said:

"Well, your hypothesis is tenable. In fact, it is one of the prettiest cases I ever saw put together."

Gilman stirred uneasily.

"But did you learn anything as to the identity of the person, who, if your suppositions are correct, killed Brokoski?"

"That's the weak point," Gilman promptly admitted. "A sufficient motive is utterly lacking, if we eliminate partisan hatred. It was shown that Whalen killed him in an impulse of passion, and that alone saved him from the death penalty. But I feel that my reasoning is valid. The conviction was strengthened by Whalen's manner and expression the other day. He never killed Brokoski, I tell you." Gilman smote his thigh for emphasis. "Why he chooses to die in prison a silent martyr I don't know—but the woman does."

The Governor assumed a sitting posture.

"Damn it!" exclaimed Gilman, after a momentary silence, "if those stupid police had examined the mud in the alley beneath the window that night, they would have found tracks that would have changed the course of this whole business."

The Governor bent farther forward, burying himself in an intense concentration of mind. For a time interminable to Gilman, he sat thus. His cigar went out. The ice in his glass melted, spun on the crystal brim, and sank with a tiny splash and tinkle. The little pile of burned cigarettes, the black ends of consumed ci-



The Governor.

gars, the mass of tobacco ash deposited in a whisky glass, absorbed its tepid liquid, and stank. The room grew chill, and the mists of the fountain which played in mournful solitude beneath the rocking elms in the grounds, permeated the atmosphere. The brooding night added her terrors and her cares.

Gilman took a sip of liquor, lighted a fresh cigarette, arose and walked up and down the room. He thought of the election, so near at hand. He looked at the Governor bowed there before him. What was Whalen or the woman, or anybody to him? Let the prisoner die! What was he to the Governor? John Chatham's party needed him, his country needed him, his time needed him, mankind and human progress needed him. If he pardoned Whalen, what was to become of him? The conviction of Bro-

koski's murderer alone could save him from such apparent stultification, here on the eve of an election at which, in the foolish phrase of modern politics, he sought vindication. Was this conviction possible? The bare thought halted Gilman beside the Governor. He laid a hand on his shoulder.

"These abstruse propositions wouldn't stand before a jury in a criminal court," he said. "Let Whalen stay."

The Governor lifted his head.

"But you just now said that he was not Brokoski's murderer."

Gilman hesitated. When he spoke, he said:

"A jury of twelve sworn men has said that he is."

Two days after the private secretary's return, the newspapers were full of stories concerning his movements. Whalen's picture was exploited, correspondents besought the Governor for interviews, and the *Courier* charged that, in his desperation, he intended to pardon Whalen, that he might have, in his campaign, the assistance of that skilled and unscrupulous manipulator. The pack of country newspapers took up the *Courier's* cry. Whalen's illness was either ignored, or referred to as feigned, at the direction of prison authorities, and the Governor. And yet a certificate pigeonholed in Gilman's desk, signed by the prison physician, stated that Thomas Whalen had pulmonary tuberculosis and was in a moribund condition.

In his office in the city William Handy, the chairman of the State Central Committee, read these newspaper stories, and swore as he did so. That night the shrewdest and maddest politician in the State stole out of town. The next morning Gilman was surprised when the big man burst through the door marked "Private," brushed by him and entered, unannounced, the Governor's chambers. Before the stately door swung to behind him, Gilman heard him demand:

"What's all this I hear about your pardoning Tom Whalen?"

The private secretary did not hear the Governor's reply, for with deliberate step he had crossed the room and closed the door. He heard nothing clearly, for Handy's voice came to him smothered, and the Governor's not at all. Once he thought he heard "mawkish sentiment," and "the action of a political imbecile," but what he mostly distinguished was muffled profanity. The young man for the first time in his experience was delighted when his bell buzzed just then. When he entered upon the scene, the Governor, rocking complacently in his high-backed chair, was saying:

"But what if it be my duty?"

"Duty be damned!" shouted Handy, rising to his feet, and smiting the desk with a heavy fist he had had folded dur-

ing the conversation. The wrath which the politician had kept bottled up over night had burst out at last.

"I am running this campaign," he cried, "and as long as I do run it, I do not propose to tolerate such incredible folly as pardoning Tom Whalen."

Gilman, wide-eyed, gazed in amaze at the two men. Handy stood glaring at the Governor, his fist fastened where it had fallen. The Governor's lips were tightly compressed. A sheet of scarlet swept over his dark face. Both men were strong-willed. The tensivity of such a moment could not long endure. Its contagion spread to Gilman's nerves. The Governor's splendid frame seemed to dilate, and Gilman suddenly became conscious that the admiration he had always given the man had never before measured up to the fullness of John Chatham's deserts. It was with relief that he saw the Governor's glance turn from Handy to bend on him.

"Gilman," he said, "have a pardon made out for Thomas Whalen."

This answer to Handy's threats was punctuated by a flash from the Governor's eyes.

"And Gilman——" the Governor continued.

"Yes, sir."

"Wire that woman—what's her name?"

"Barry?"

"Yes—Barry—wire her to come. I think I shall prefer to tell her myself."

Handy dropped, heavy with exhaustion, into his chair. He tried to speak, but had trouble with his articulation. When he mastered his tongue, he could only blurt:

"Now you have done it, haven't you?"

"Yes," said the Governor in gentle assent, "I have done it." The sigh that ended this remark was one in which a heart-burdening care was dissipated. It was a sigh that resolved a vast difficulty.

When the woman came the next morning, Gilman led her at once into the Governor's presence. Before him lay a large document, lettered in preposterous script, lined in red ink. The woman knew this imitation parchment to be the pardon of Thomas Whalen. The Governor arose and stood until she had seated herself, and then said, drawing the pardon on the desk to him, "I have decided to grant the application for Whalen's pardon."

The woman's fingers clawed the carved



"No, Mr. Gilman, and I never will."

arms of the chair. Gilman stared with parted lips. The Governor continued as he hastily scanned the pardon:

"I take this action because circumstances recently revealed lead me to believe that Whalen is innocent. These circumstances, Gilman, you are acquainted with. You will prepare them for popular presentation."

The Governor dipped his pen in the ink.

"They form a very abstruse proposition," he said, poising his pen nicely in his fingers, "and I am not sure that every one can grasp it."

The Governor spoke meditatively. The two persons in the room silently regarded him. Something in the man, in the moment, impelled awe. He set his hand to the paper to write, but paused an instant longer. His eyes wandered from the document. As he raised them over her, the woman bowed her head. Out through the open window, out through the summer morning, over the wimpling foliage of the trees, far, far away they gazed. And then he sighed, as a woman sighs, and turning, signed the pardon of Thomas Whalen. A moment he sat still as an ancient statue, and then dropping the pen on the desk, he turned towards Gil-

man with a smile. The action relieved the young man from the spell which bound him.

"Are you going before the people with that story I worked up?" he cried.

Fiercely, without awaiting a reply to a question already answered, he wheeled on the woman.

"Do you see what he has done? He has given up all—he has killed himself! He says Whalen is innocent—and doesn't even know upon whom to fasten suspicion! Don't you—my God, woman—can't you see?"

Slowly the situation was borne in upon her understanding. Her mouth opened with a gasp, her eyes widened.

"Why!" she said, jerking her words from a choking throat. "He knows who did it. I told him. It was—me."

The door latch clicked behind her. She turned in the direction whence came the sound, and repeated, as if the interrupter contradicted her:

"Yes, I did it. I killed Brokoski."

Here strength failed her. She sobbed convulsively.

"Yes—I—did—it," she persisted in repeating. "I—did—it."

Gilman stared in wonder. Here, then, was the person who had stood in the alley

beneath the window that night, whose footprints would have led him to the solution of his mystery, to the end of his clever chain. The problem of her motive for slaying Brokoski alone remained. He longed to ask her, but she had collapsed unconscious in her chair. Turning to the Governor he implored light. A word informed him of the accidental killing of Brokoski by a jealous woman who was trying to shoot his *vis à vis*. Then he demanded in tones reproachful:

"Why did you not tell me this?"

"Because," the man quietly responded, "I do not war on women."

The door whose latch had clicked had opened wide, and William Handy entered, smiling.

Governor Chatham was assorting papers on his desk, as a man would whose routine work had received a trifling interruption. Handy remained on his feet.

"John," he said, "John, I take off my hat to you. I admire your nerve. I recognized it years ago, that day you presided over our convention in the old seventh district—remember?—the day you turned me down so hard. Remember?"

The Governor smiled.

"This ain't flattery," said Handy, seating himself in a leather chair. "You're not only all I've said, you're a devil of a good fellow to boot."

Handy spoke seldom. He never wrote letters, but sent word, according to an ancient maxim uttered by one of the political fathers. But when he did speak, he spoke bluntly, in the same tone in which he would have called a man a liar. The Governor raised his hand to stay Handy's compliments.

"Yes, John," he persisted. "You're a hell of a good fellow, but," he added, "you're a damn poor politician."

There was the faintest shadow of a smile on the Governor's face. Handy closed his eyes until they were the merest slits. He puffed his cigar back to life.

His head was wrapped in scarfs of smoke.

"When does the grand jury sit?" he inquired, after a time.

"Not till December term."

"We can have a special one impaneled. I'll have Donnelly call it."

Donnelly was a judge of dignity and erudition, and Handy spoke of him as if he were his hired man, which he was.

"The boys'll be glad to get Tom back in the nineteenth. O'Rourke says——"

"Look here, Handy," said the Governor, whirling about in his chair, and speaking as sharply as a precinct captain at a primary, "I want none of Tom Whalen's work in the nineteenth—not while I'm running for Governor. But then," he added, gravely, "he's only going back to the nineteenth to die."

Handy grunted. "Well, I'll have Fitzgerald pinch the girl anyway, and keep her in the Division street station till after election."

The Governor looked at Handy. "William," he said, "you might as well understand now, that that would be useless. I am convinced of Whalen's innocence absolutely, beyond all doubt, but it will be impossible to get a jury to convict the one who did kill Brokoski on such evidence as convinced me."

"But she confesses," urged Handy.

"To whom?"

"To you."

"Exactly. But what if that confession be a privileged communication?"

Handy looked up in amazement. "You don't mean you wouldn't testify?"

The Governor's countenance lost its legal expression, and became suddenly human. If Handy had been a thinner man he would have jumped when the Governor said:

"Do you think I would send a woman to the penitentiary to elect myself Governor?"

"Are you sure confessions to a Governor are privileges?" inquired Handy, who was adhering to practical things.

The Governor's face put on its legal mask again, and he replied:

"Well, the question is unsettled——"

"Who presides in the criminal court this winter?" inquired Handy, "any of our fellows?" Handy's whole philosophy of life was pull. The Governor resumed, without answering:

"The question has never been decided. Mr. Chief Justice Marshall, upon the trial of Aaron Burr, ruled, if I remember, that a *subpoena duces tecum* might be issued to the President for a letter addressed to him, leaving the question of the production of the letter——"

"Oh, say, John," broke in Handy, "Burr's dead, isn't he? And he wasn't a good fellow, anyway, or he'd never'd got in that far. Go on with your legalities——"

I myself do not propose to go to jail for contempt for refusing to testify."

"You?"

"Yes, me."

"What have you to do with it?"

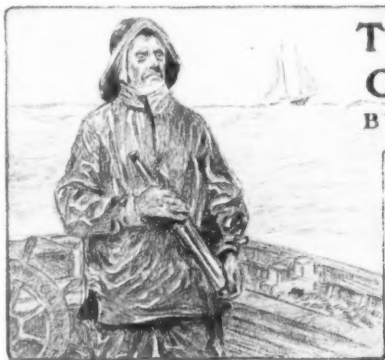
"Oh, nothing much," said Handy, "only I happened to be inside that door just now when she confessed—and there's Gilman besides." Handy, his cigar tilted upwards, smoked on voluminously and smiled through the smoke with deep satisfaction. The Governor averted his face. Lines of trouble drew themselves across his brow. Presently he turned to the chairman.

"Handy," he said, "I may be re-

ected and I may not—probably not. However that may be, I insist upon this: I want that woman, for the present, let alone. I still have some faith in the people. I am willing to go to them on my record. They may or may not re-elect me. I shall not, at any rate, have my motives impugned. I only want, when the turmoil has subsided, when the subject can be viewed with clear eyes and investigated by clear heads and clean hands, to see justice done."

"Oh," said Handy, "to hell with justice."

"No, William," responded the Governor, "leave that to Heaven."



## THE LOG OF AN OCEAN PILOT BY THEODORE DREISER

DRAWINGS BY JAMES PRESTON.

furled, and, from the quiet prevailing, one might suppose that the crew had gone into the village. No sound issued until we reached the companionway, where, below, we could see the cook scraping cold ashes out of a fireless stove. He was cleaning the cabin and putting things to rights before the pilots arrived. He accepted our intrusion with a friendly glance.

"Captain Rierison told us to come aboard," we said.

"All right, sir! Stow your things in any one of them bunks."

We went about this while the ashes were taken out and were carted away. When the cook returned, it was with a bucket and brush, and he attacked the oilcloth on the floor industriously.

"Cozy little cabin this, isn't it?"

"Yes, she's a comfortable little boat," replied the cook. "These pilots take things purty comfort'ble. She's not as fast as some of the boats, but she's all right in rough weather."

"Do you encounter much rough weather?"

"Well, now and again," said the cook, with the vaguest suggestion of a twinkle in his eye. "It's purty rough sometimes in winter."

AN ocean pilot-boat lay off Tompkinsville of an early spring afternoon, in the stillest water. The sun was bright, and only the lightest wind was stirring. When we reached the end of the old cotton dock, there she lay, a small two-masted schooner of about fifty tons' burden, rocking gently upon the water. We accepted the services of a hawking urchin, who had a canoe to rent, and who had followed us all down the main street, in the hopes of earning a half dollar. He led the way through a hole in the fence that enclosed the street, and down a long, stilted plank walk to a mess of craft and rigging, where we found his little tub, and pushed out. In a few minutes we had crossed the quiet stretch of water, and were alongside.

Like all pilot-boats, the *Hermann Oelrichs* is built low in the water, so that it was easy to jump aboard. Her sails were



"How long do you stay out?"

"Sometimes three, sometimes five days; sometimes get rid of all seven pilots the first day—there's no telling. It's all 'cording to how the steamers come in."

"So, we are likely to be out a week?"

"About that! Maybe ten days!"

We went on deck. It was warm and bright. Some sailors from the fore-hatch were scrubbing down the deck, which

dried white and warm as fast as they swabbed off the water. Wide-winged gulls were circling high and low among the ships of the harbor. On Staten Island many a little curl of smoke rose

from the chimneys of white cottages.

That evening the crew of five men kept quietly to their quarters and slept. The moon shone clear until ten, when the barometer suddenly fell and clouds came out of the East. By cock-crow it was raining, and by morning it was drizzling and cold.

The pilots appeared one after another. They came out to the edge of the cotton wharf through the mist and rain, and waved a handkerchief as signal that a boat should be sent ashore for them. One or two, failing to attract the immediate attention of the crew, resorted to the expedient of calling out, "Schooner, ahoy!" in voices which partook of some of the stoutness of the sea.

"Come ashore, will you?" they shouted, when a head appeared above deck.

No sooner were they recognized than the yawl was launched and sent ashore. They came aboard and descended quickly out of the rain into the only room or cabin at the foot of the companionway. This was at once their sitting-room, dining-room, bed-room, and every other chamber for the voyage. Here they stowed their satchels and papers in lockers beneath their individual sleeping berths. Each one sought out a stout canvas clothes bag, which all pilots use in lieu of a trunk, and began to unpack his ship's clothes. All took off their land ap-

parel and dressed in ancient seat-patched and knee-worn garments, which were far more comfortable than graceful, and every one produced the sailor's essential, a pipe and tobacco.

Deary as the day was overhead, the atmosphere in the cabin changed with their arrival. Not only was it soon thick with the fumes of many pipes, but it was bright with genial temper. Not one of the company of seven seemed moody.

"Whose watch is it?" asked one.

"Rierson's, I think," was the answer.

"He ain't here yet."

"Here he comes now."

At this a hale Norwegian, clean and hard as a pine knot, came down the companionway.

"My turn to-day, eh? Are we all here?"

"Ay!" cried one.

"Then we might as well go, hey?"

"Ay! ay!" came the chorus.

"Steward!" called he, "tell the men to hoist sail."

"Ay! ay! sir," answered the steward.

Then were rattlings and clatterings overhead. While the little company in the cabin were chatting, the work on deck was resulting in a gradual change, and when, after a half hour, the first pilot put his head out into the wind and rain, above the companionway, the cotton docks were far in the rear, all but lost in

the mist and drizzle. All sails were up and a stiff breeze was driving the little craft through the Narrows. McLaughlin, the boatman and master of the crew, under the captain,

was at the wheel. At this time, Rierson, who had the first watch, came on deck.

"Who controls the vessel," I asked of him, "while the pilots are on board."

"The pilots themselves."

"Not all of them?"

"No, not all at one time. The pilot who has the watch has full control for his hours, then the next pilot after him and



so on. No pilot is interfered with during his service."

"And where do we head now?"

"For Sandy Hook and the bay east of that. We are going to meet inbound European steamers."

The man at the wheel, McLaughlin, was a hale, ruddy young chap with a strong nose and a clear, steady eye. In his yellow rain coat, rubber boots and "sou'wester," he looked a true picture of fearless confidence. With the little craft plunging ahead in a storm of wind and rain, and over ever-increasing billows, he gazed out steadily and whistled an airy tune.

"You seem to like it," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "it's not a bad life. Rather cold in winter, but summer makes up for it. Then we're in port every fourth or fifth day. Sometimes we get a night off."

"The pilots have it better than that?"

"Oh, yes, they get back quicker. The man who has the first watch may get back to-day, if we meet a steamer. They might all get back if we met enough steamers."

"You put a man aboard each one?"

"Yes."

"How do you know when a steamer wants a pilot?"

"Well, we are in the track of incoming steamers. There is no other pilot boat sailing back and forth on this particular track. If a steamer comes along she may show a signal for a pilot, or she may turn a little in our direction. Either way, we know she wants one. Then we lay to and wait until she comes up. You'll see, though. One is likely to come along anytime."

The interior of the little craft presented a peculiar contrast to storm and sea without. In the fore compartment stood the cook at his stove preparing the mid-day meal. Sailors, when no orders were called from above, lay in their bunks, which curved toward the prow. The pots and pans of the stove moved restlessly about with the swell. The cook whistled, timbers creaked, the salt spray swished above the hatch, and mingled odors of meats and vegetables combined and thickened the air.



In the after half of the boat were the pilots, making the best of idle time. No steamer was sighted, and so they lounged and smoked. Two or three told of difficulties on past voyages. Two of the stoutest and jolliest met in permanent conflict at a game of penochle. One read, the others took down pillows from the bunks, and spreading them out on the wide seat that lined the two sides

of the room, snored profoundly. Nearly all took turns, before or after games, or naps, at smoking. Sometimes all smoked. It was observable that no "listener" was necessary for conversation. Some talked loudly without a single person heeding. At times all talked at once in those large, imperious voices which seem common to the sea. The two old pilots at cards never halted. Storms might come and storms might go. They paused only to renew their pipes.

At the wheel, in tarpaulin and sou'wester, one pilot kept watch. He was hale and ruddy. Sea spray kept his cheeks dripping. His coat was glassy with water. Another pilot put his head above deck.

"How are we heading?"

"West by no'!"

"See anything?"

"A steamer, outbound!"

"Which one?"

"The *Tauric*."

"Wish she was coming in!" concluded the inquirer, and went below.

We kept before the wind in this driving way. All the morning and all the afternoon the rain fell. The cook served a wholesome meal of meats and vegetables. Afterward all pipes were set smoking more vehemently than ever. The two old pilots renewed their cards. Every one turned to trifling diversions with the feeling that he must get comfort out of them. It was a little drowsy, a little uncomfortable, a little apt to make one long for shore. In the midst of the lull, the voice of the man at the wheel sounded at the companionway:

"Steamer on the port bow! Pilot boat number nine! She's hailing us."

"Well, what does she want?"

"Can't make out yet!"

One and all hastened on deck. On our left, in the fog and rain, tossed a little steamer which was recognized as the steam pilot-boat stationed at Sandy Hook. She was starboarding to come nearer, and several of her pilots and crew were at her rail hailing us. As she approached, keener ears made out that she wanted to put two men aboard us.

"We don't want any more men aboard here," said one. "We've got seven now."

"No!" said several in chorus, "tell 'em we can't take 'em."

"We can't take any more," shouted the helmsman, in long-drawn sounds. "We've got seven aboard now."

"Orders to put two men aboard ye," came back over the tumbling waters. "We've a sick man."

"Don't let 'em put any more men aboard here. Where they goin' ter sleep?" argued another. "One man's got to bunk it as it is."

"How you goin' ter help it? They're puttin' their men out."

"Head away! head away! They can't come aboard if you head away."

"Oh, well, it's too late now."

It was really too late, for the steamer had already cast a yawl, and the two men, together with the crew, were in it and heading over the churning water. All watched them as they came alongside and clambered on.

They were Jersey pilots who had been displaced on the other boat because one of their number had been taken sick and more room was needed to make him comfortable. He was thought to be dying, and his condition formed the topic of conversation for the rest of the day.

Meanwhile our schooner headed outward with nothing to reward her search. At five o'clock there was some talk of not finding anything before morning. Several advised running toward the harbor and into stiller water, and, as the minutes passed, the feeling crystallized. In a few minutes all were urging a tack toward port, and a little later it was done. Sails were shifted, the prow headed shoreward, and gradually, as the track of the great vessels was abandoned, the waters became less and less rough, then more and more quiet, until, finally, when we came within distant sight of Princess Bay and the Staten Island shore, the little vessel only rocked from side to side; the pitching and churning were over.

It was mean on deck, however, and after the crew had dropped anchor, they remained below. There was nothing to be done save idle the time. The few oil lamps, the stove fire and the clearing away of dishes after supper gave the cabins of the fore-and-aft a very home-like appearance.

Forward, most of the sailors stretched in their bunks to digest their meal. There were a few magazines and papers on the table, a deck of cards and a set of checkers. It was interesting to note the friendly feeling among the men. One might fancy oneself anywhere but at sea, save for the rocking of the boat. It was more like a farm-house kitchen. One little old sailor, grizzled and lean-looking, had only recently escaped from a Hong-kong trader, where he had been sadly abused. Another was a mere boy, who belonged to Staten Island. He had been working in a canning factory all winter, he said, but had decided to go to sea for a change. It was not his first experience. This alternating was a regular thing with him. The summer previous he had worked as cook's scullion on one of the other pilot-boats. This summer he was a sailor.

The Staten Islander had the watch on deck from eight to ten that night. As the rain ceased and the lights on the distant shore began to glimmer, it was good to be on deck. The wind blew slightly chill, and the waters sipped and sucked at the prow and sides.

"Do you like sea life?" I asked him.

"There ain't much to it."

"Would you rather be on shore?"

"Well, if I didn't have to work so hard."

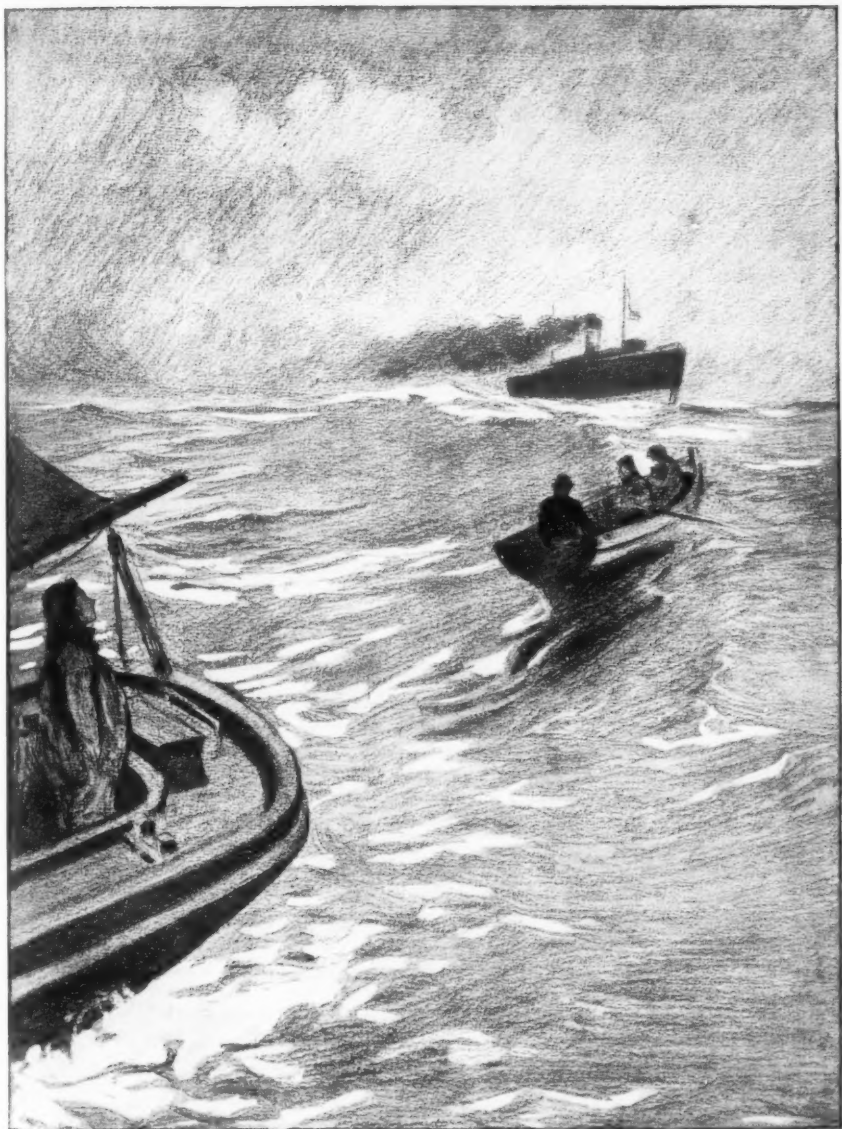
"You like one then as well as the other?"

"Well, on shore the hours are longer, but you get your evenings and Sundays. Out here there ain't any hour your own, but there's plenty days when there's nothin' doin'. Some days there ain't no wind. Sometimes we cruise right ahead without tacking sail. Still, it's hard, 'cause you can't see nobody."

"What would you do if you were on shore?"

"Oh, go to the show."

It developed that his heart yearned for "nights off." The little bright-windowed main street in New Brighton was to his vision a kind of earthly heaven. To be there of an evening when people were



"The great vessel was plowing toward us at a fine rate."

passing, to loaf on the corner and see the bright-eyed girls go by, to be in the village hubbub was to him the epitome of living. The great, silent, suggestive sea meant nothing.

After a while he went below and tumbled in. McLaughlin, the boatman, took the turn. In the rear cabin most of the pilots had gone to bed. The two old salts were still at penochle, brow-beating each other, but in a subdued tone. All pipes were out. Snores were numerous and long.

At dawn the pilot whose turn it was to guide the next steamer into New York took the wheel. We sailed out into the east and the morning looking for prey. It came soon in the shape of a steamer.

"Steamer!" called the pilot, and all the other pilots turned out and came on deck. The sea to the eastward, whither

they were looking, was utterly bare of craft. Not a sail, not a wisp of smoke! Yet they saw something and tacked ship so as to swing 'round and sail towards it. Not even the telescope re-

vealed it to my eyes until full five minutes had gone by, when afar off a speck appeared above the waters. It came on larger and larger until it assumed the proportions of a toy.

With the first announcement, the pilot who was to take this steamer in, gave the wheel to the pilot who was to have the next one. He seemed pleased at getting back to New York so soon. While the ship was coming forward, he went below and changed his clothes. In a few minutes he was on deck, dressed in a neat business suit and white linen. His old clothes had all been packed in the grain sack. He had a bundle of New York papers and a light overcoat over his arm.

"How did you know that steamer wanted a pilot?" I asked.

"I could tell by the way she was heading," he replied.

"Do you think she saw you?"

"Yes."

"Can you always tell when a steamer so far off wants a pilot?"

"Nearly always! If we can't judge by her course, we can see through the telescope whether she has a signal for a pilot flying."

"And when you go on board her, what will you do?"

"Go to the bridge and direct her course."

"Do you take the wheel or do any work?"

"Not at all!"

"What about your breakfast?"

"I'll take that with the officers of the deck."

"Do you always carry a bundle of papers?"

"Oh, yes! The officers and passengers like to get early news of New York. Sometimes the papers are pretty old before we hand them out, but they're better than nothing."

He studied the approaching steamer closely through the glass. "The *Ems*," he said, laconically. "Get the yawl ready, boys."

Four sailors went to the lee side and righted the boat there. The great vessel was plowing toward us at a fine rate. Every minute she grew larger, until, at half a mile, she seemed quite natural.

"Heave the yawl," called the man at the wheel.

Over went the boat with a splash, and two men after and into it. They held it close to the side of the schooner until the departing pilot could jump in.

"Cast loose!" said the man at the wheel to the men holding the rope.

"Ay, ay, sir!" they replied.

"Good-by, Billie," said the pilots.

"So long, boys!" he cried back.

Our schooner was moving swiftly away before the wind. The

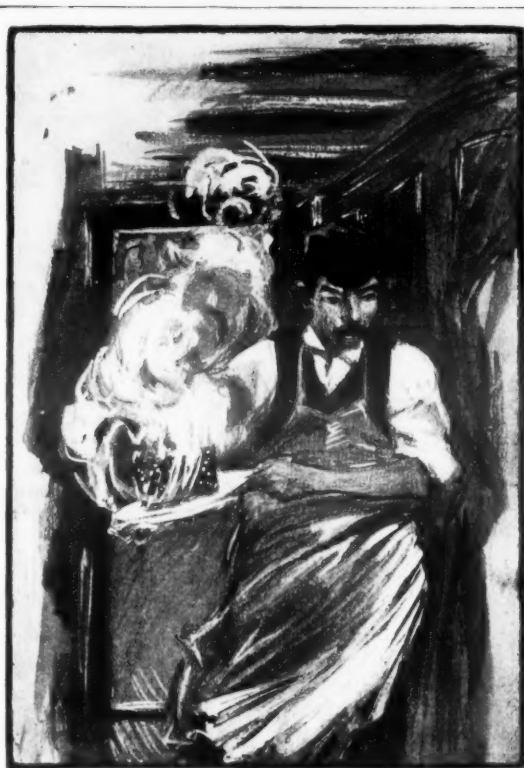
man in the yawl pulled out toward where the steamer must pass. Already her engines had stopped, and the foam at her prow was dying away. One could see that



a pilot was expected. Quite a crowd of people, even at that early hour, was gathered at the rail. A ladder of rope was hanging over the side almost to the water's edge.

The little yawl, bearing the pilot, pulled square across the prow. When the steamer came slowly up, the yawl nosed the great black side and drifted back to the ladder. One of the steamer's crew threw down a rope, which the oarsman of the yawl caught. This held his boat still, close to

the ladder, and the pilot, jumping for a good hold, began to climb slowly upward. No sooner had he mounted, however, than the engines started, and the steamer moved off. The little yawl, left alone, like a cork on a thrashing sea, headed toward us. The schooner tacked and came round in a half circle to pick it up, which was done with safety. This was a busy morning. Before breakfast, another ship had appeared—a tramp steamer—and a pilot was dressing to board her. Down the fore hatch could be seen the cook, frying potatoes and meat, and boiling coffee. The change in weather was pleasing to him, too, for he was singing as he clattered the dishes and set the table. In the cabin, the pipes of the pilots were on, and the two old salts were at penochle harder than ever.



"The cook served a wholesome meal."

One pilot left before breakfast. After he was gone, another steamer appeared, this time the *Paris*. It looked as though we would soon lose all our pilots and have to return to New York. After the pilot had gone aboard the *Paris*, the wind died down and we sailed no more. Gradually the sea grew better, and we experienced a day of perfect idleness. Hour after hour the boat rocked like a cradle. Seagulls gathered around and dipped their wings

in charming circles. Flocks of ducks passed northward in orderly flight, honking as they went. A little land bird, a poor, bedraggled sparrow, evidently blown to sea by adverse winds, found rest and salvation in our rigging. Now it was perched upon the main boom and now upon the guy of the gaff-top-sail, but ever and anon, for this and the following day, it could be seen, sometimes attempting to fly shoreward, but always returning after a fruitless quest for land.

The sailors in the fore-cabin told stories. The pilots in the rear talked New York politics and criminal mysteries. The cook brewed and baked. Night fell upon one of the fairest skies that it is given the earthly to behold. Stars came out and blinked. The lightship at Sandy





"The pilot began to climb slowly upward."

Hook cast a far beacon, but no steamer took another pilot that day.

Once during the watch that night, it seemed that a steamer far off to the southeastward was burning a blue light, the signal for a pilot. The man at the wheel scanned the point closely, then took a lighted torch made of cotton and alcohol and circled it slowly three times in the air. No answering blue light rewarded him. Another time there grew upon the stillness the far-off muffled sound of a steamer's engine. You could hear it distinctly, a faint "pump, pump, pump, pump." No lights could be seen. The signal torch was again waved, but without result. The distinct throb grew less and less, and finally died away.

At midnight, a little breeze sprang up and the schooner cruised about. In one direction a faint glimmer appeared which, when approached, proved to be the riding light of a freight steamer at anchor. All was still and dark aboard her, save for two or three red and yellow lights, which gleamed like sleepless eyes out of the black hulk. The man at the wheel called a sailor.

"Go forward, Johnnie," he said, "and hail her. See if she wants a pilot."

The man did as directed, and stood at the prow until the schooner drew quite near.

"Steamer, ahoy!" he bellowed.

No answer.

"Steamer, ahoy!" he called again. A light

moved in the cabin of the other vessel. Finally a voice answered.

"Want a pilot?" asked our sailor.

"We have one," said the dim figure and disappeared.

"Is it one of the pilots of your association that they have?" I asked.

"Yes; they couldn't have any other. They probably picked him up from one of our far out boats. Every incoming steamer must take a pilot, you know. That's the law. All pilots belong to this one association. It's merely a question of our being around to supply them."

It turned out from his explanation that the desire of the pilots to get a steamer was merely to obtain their days off. When a pilot brings in a steamer, it is not likely that he will be sent out again for three days. Each one puts in about the same number of days a month, and all get the same amount of pay. There is no rivalry of boats, and no loss of money by missing a steamer. If one boat misses her, another is sure to catch her further in. If she refuses to take a pilot the Government compels her owners to pay a fine of fifty dollars.

On the third day now breaking, we were destined to lose another pilot. It was one of those two old enemies, the inveterate penochlers.

That night we anchored off Babylon, Long Island, in the stillest of water. The crew spent the evening lounging in their bunks and reading, while the remaining pilots amused themselves as usual. Two of them engaged for a time in a half-hearted game of cards. One told stories, but, with the departure of so many, the spirits of the company drooped. There was no breeze. The flap-flap of the sails went on monotonously. Breakfast came and then nine o'clock, and still we rocked in one spot. Then a steamer appeared. As usual, it was announced long before untrained eyes could discern it. But, with the first word, the valiant penochler went below to pack. He



was back in a few minutes, very much improved in spirits and appearance.

"Does she starboard any?" he asked the man at the wheel.

The latter used the telescope and then said: "Doesn't seem to, sir."

"Think she sees us?"

"Can't tell, sir," said the boatman, gravely.

"Spec' we'd better fire the gun, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"You strip the gun. I'll take the wheel."

So the little gun was made ready, and while it was being put in place at the lee rail, Germond, the oldest of the pilots, came on deck and took the wheel.

"Going to fire the gun, eh?" he observed, in deep bass tones.

"Yes," said the penochler.

"Well, that's right. Blaze away."

The boatman who had superintended the charging of the gun, now pulled a wire attached to a cap, and the little cannon spat out a flame with a roar that shook the boat.

"Do they do this often?" I asked the cook.

"Not very. When fogs prevail and boats can't find us, it comes in handy. There's hardly any use in this case. I guess she sees us."

Germond, at the wheel, seemed to enjoy playing warship, for he called out, "Fire again, Johnnie!"

"Won't she turn?" asked the restless penochler.

"Don't seem to."

"Then," said he, and cast a droll look of decision upon the midget cannon, and the immense steamer, "sink her!"

With the third shot, however, we could see the steamer begin to turn, and in a little while she was headed toward us. We could not move, and so we waited, while the anxious penochler walked the deck. Long before she was near, he ordered the yawl ready, and, when she was yet three-quarters of a mile off, cast over and jumped



aboard. He seemed somewhat afraid the yawl would not be seen, and so took a pilot flag, which is a blue square set on a long bamboo pole. This he held aloft as the men rowed, and away they went far over the green sea.

The cook served coffee at three, and was preparing supper when another steamer was sighted. She came up rapidly, a great liner from Gibraltar, with a large company of Italians looking over the rail.

"No supper for you," said Germond. "You'll have to eat with the Dagos."

"Well, I don't mind," answered the other, smiling. "I want to get back to New York."

Just before supper, and when the sun was crimsoning the water in the West, a "catpaw" came up and filled our sails. The boat moved slowly off.

Just at supper, Germond announced: "Well, I go now."

"Is there a steamer?"

"No, but I go on the other pilot boat. The last man always leaves his boat and goes on one with more men. That allows this boat to go back for another crew."

"Do you get the first steamer in on the other boat?"

"Yes, I have the first turn. Steward!" he called, "tell one of the men back there to run up a signal for the other boat."

"Ay, ay, sir!" called back the steward.

At half-after six, one of the other pilot boats was sighted, and we approached her. Germond packed his sea clothes, and came up on deck.

"Well, there she is, boys," he said. "Now I leave you."

They put out the yawl, and he jumped in. When he had gone we watched him climbing aboard the other schooner.

"Now for New York."

"Do we sail all night?"

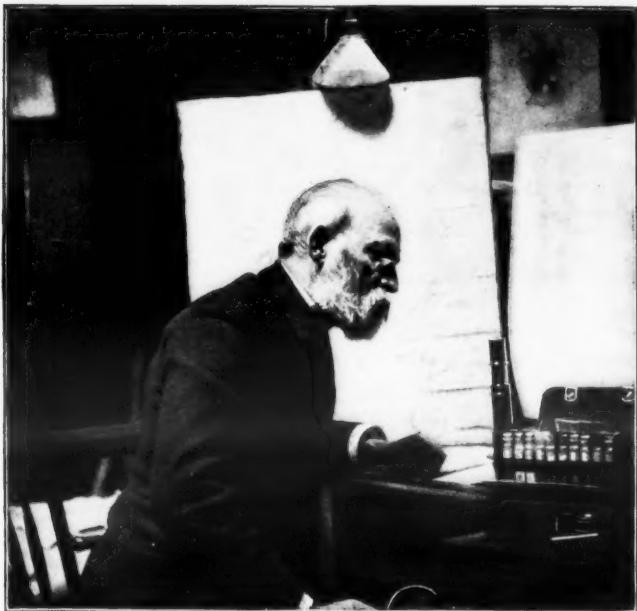
"To get there by morning, we'll have to."

All sails were hoisted, and we bore away slowly. Darkness fell. The stars came out. Far away, the revolving light of the Highlands of Navesink was our guide. Far behind, the little pilot boat which had received Germond, was burning a beacon for some steamer which had signaled a blue light. Gradually this grew more and more dim, and the gloom enveloped all.

We sat with subdued spirits at the prow, discussing the dangers of the sea. McLaughlin, who has been five years in the service, told of accidents and disappearances in the past. Out of the night once had rushed a steamer, cutting such a boat as ours in two. One pilot boat that had gone out two years ago had never returned. Not a stick or scrap was found to indicate what had become of her fifteen men. He told how the sounding of the fog horns had chilled his heart the first year of his service, and how the mournful lapping of the waters had filled him with dread. And, as we looked and saw nothing but blackness, and listened and heard nothing but the sipping of the still waters, it seemed as though the relentless sea merely waited its time. Some day it would have them all, sailor and cook, and where now were rooms and lockers would be green water and strange fishes.

That night we slept soundly. A fine wind sprang up, and, when morning came, we were scurrying home over a thrashing sea. We raced past Sandy Hook and put up the bay. By eight o'clock we were at the Narrows, with the Battery in sight. The harbor looked like a city of masts. After the lonely sea, it was alive with a multitude of people. Tugs went puffing by. Scows and steamers mingled. Amid so much life, the sea seemed safe.





Daniel T. Ames, Handwriting Expert.

## THE SCIENCE OF HANDWRITING

By DANIEL T. AMES

**T**HOUGH not as old as the hills, graphology, or the science of handwriting, is an exact science. It is founded on well-understood principles, and it proceeds to its conclusions by exact methods. It is no more haphazard than any other line of investigation which has to take into account the workings of the human mind and of human hands. Its conclusions, which seem so remarkable to the untrained observer, become perfectly simple when one examines carefully the methods by which they are obtained.

To understand the principles on which a handwriting expert conducts his work, consider for a moment the way in which a person's style of writing is developed. The schoolboy begins by following the copy set for him by a teacher. His fellow-pupils work from the same copy. Their

handwritings may be a good deal alike, for they all approximate the copy as closely as they can. Their writing is all crude, formal, and without character. As soon as he is emancipated from the copy-book, however, the boy begins to develop a style of his own. The form of the words and letters is no longer the subject of the same mental effort as before. He thinks of what he is writing, not of how he is writing it. Gradually one peculiarity after another creeps into his handwriting. In time these peculiarities become fixed habits. At the age of twenty-five or thirty his writing is settled. After that it may change slightly, but it always retains those distinctive traits which, in the man himself, we call personality.

The personality thus acquired remains. A man cannot alter it any more than he

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Daniel T. Ames is the most prominent handwriting expert in the United States. During nearly forty years he has been engaged in passing upon disputed, forged or disguised writings. His services have been required in more than fifteen hundred cases. His most famous efforts were made in the Fair will case at San Francisco, the Hunter-Long forgeries at Philadelphia, the Lewis will case, and more recently, the Borkin and Adams murder trials during the past winter.

can alter his own character or physiognomy. Superficial changes and variations constantly occur, but the characteristic features continue unaltered. A man's writing is like his face; its general features remain the same, though the expression is continually changing. His arm may be shrivelled by rheumatism so that he writes an illegible scrawl; he may become intoxicated so that he sprawls his signature all over a page; but there is something about his writing that differentiates it and makes plain its author-

million; one in whom they were all evident might not be found among the entire fourteen millions of people on the globe. The simile holds good in the matter of handwriting. Two, or three, or four of a person's characteristics may be reproduced in another's hand. But the entire lot would not be duplicated any more than the physical counterparts of the author would be found in other individuals.

This fact will be more readily understood than the statement which is its nat-

## SCHOOL HAND.

abc def  
A B C D E  
and he began  
Habits grow  
imperceptibly  
Philip Regan

## HABITUAL HAND.

abc def  
A B C D E  
and he began  
Habits grow  
imperceptibly  
Philip Regan

ship to the trained observation of the expert examiner.

This is akin to saying that no two persons in the world write precisely similar hands. There are close resemblances, to be sure, but no exact counterparts. Some readers may not believe this statement, but it is easy to illustrate it. Suppose, for example, that among ten thousand persons there is one with a finger of the right hand missing; one who has lost an eye; one with the left foot gone; one minus a certain tooth. To find a person with two of these defects would require probably a hundred thousand; to come across one possessing three of them, it would be necessary to search through a

ural complement, namely, that no person ever signs his own name twice alike. Probably there are readers who will flatly contradict this. For them it will be an interesting experiment to write their own signatures, say, a hundred times, writing them on various occasions and under different circumstances. When they compare the results, they will find hardly two of these that do not present some differences even to their eyes, and these variations are brought out and made manifold more plainly under the microscopic examination of the handwriting expert.

Theoretically, it is possible for two handwritings to be exactly alike, just as it is possible for two persons to possess

precisely the same physical appearance. Practically, this possibility is so remote that it need not be taken into account. There are so many factors affecting the result that they are never repeated. Writing is partly a mental and partly a manual performance. Therefore, every change in a man's physical or mental condition registers itself in his handwriting. His mood and environment constantly change, and his brain impulses act differently every instant upon the muscles which guide his pen. Suppose that one signs his name while sitting at a desk in a third story office; then runs rapidly downstairs and back again, and writes a second signature beside the first. It will be easy to recognize that the two are in the same hand, but inevitably they will present considerable differences, differences which will be plainly evident even to the writer's eye.

This point may be illustrated by a fact which, no doubt, many readers have noticed in their own experience. In filling out a blank form, say one word is omitted. After the paper is finished the writer notices the omission, goes back and writes in the lacking word. The insertion is different from the writing immediately preceding and following it, showing that it was written at another time and not in its natural order. The Potter-Gibbons forgery, in New Jersey, turned upon this very point. The forgery consisted of one word added to a receipt for three hundred dollars, making it read "eighty"-three hundred. The "eighty" was written by the same hand that wrote the remainder of the receipt, but was added at another time.

Gibbons, by whom the receipt was given, held a mortgage of ninety-three hundred dollars on Potter's farm. Potter called to pay him three hundred of it on account. Gibbons had been ill, and could not write well, so he asked Potter to draw up the receipt. The receipt was drawn for three hundred dollars, and Gibbons signed it. Then, noticing that the figures usually inserted in such papers had not been put in, he returned it to Potter with the suggestion that the figures be added. Potter took the receipt, added something, folded it and laid it on the table. Gibbons did not examine it, supposing that the other man had written in the figures as requested.

When another installment of the mort-

gage fell due, Potter set up the claim that he owed only one thousand dollars instead of nine thousand, as Gibbons maintained. He produced the receipt in support of his statement. The form of the paper was so unusual, however, and the examination of the handwriting expert showed so plainly that the word "eighty" had been hastily written in after the receipt was completed, that it was not allowed to stand.

When such differences appear in words written on the same piece of paper with an interval of only a few moments between, by the same pen and the same hand, it is not surprising that a man cannot sign his name twice in exact duplicate. As was said before, this is theoretically possible, practically impossible. Where two signatures are alike in every detail, the inference is pretty safe that one, at least, is a forgery made by tracing the other. In the Howland will case, tried in New Bedford, Mass., some years ago, three signatures precisely alike were in dispute. Professor Pierce, of Harvard, who was called to give expert testimony in the case, made a calculation showing how many times, by the law of chance, it would be necessary for a man to write his signature, consisting of fourteen letters, before he would have three exactly alike. He found the number to be 2,666,000,000,000,000,000,000 times. Of course this figure would be multiplied or diminished according to the number of letters in the signature, but it is large enough to show that there is little danger of a man's repeating himself, even if he devotes his attention exclusively to the task of signing his name during the course of an ordinary lifetime.

Although a good many forgeries are committed by tracing genuine signatures, the more common practice is to imitate a man's style of signing his name by writing it down hundreds and hundreds of times, until a close approximation to his natural signature is reached. These forgeries are always more difficult to detect than those made by tracing. Sometimes they are clever enough to deceive the victim himself. But there is always some internal evidence to prove that the imitation, however careful, is not the work of the person to whom it is attributed, and to reveal the identity of the one who actually wrote it, if specimens of his natural writing are to be had for comparison.



*Rec<sup>d</sup> Railway N. J. August 1<sup>st</sup> 1876 of H. L. Potter, Esq. City  
 One hundred dollars in part pay ment of Principal  
 Sum due on this Bond* *A. J. Gibbons*

The Potter-Gibbons Receipt Forgery: The word "eighty" was inserted after the receipt had been signed.

It is impossible for a man to carry in his mind and to reproduce on paper all the peculiar characteristics of another's writing, and at the same time to conceal all his own. At some point there is certain to come a slip, where the habit of years asserts itself and gives the testimony which may fix its identity beyond a doubt.

Take the Fair will case, for example. This was one of the greatest forgeries ever attempted in this country, involving an estate of twenty millions. A complete will, alleged to have been written by Fair, was in dispute. The forger was evidently familiar with Fair's writing and must have had numerous specimens of the dead millionaire's hand to guide his work. Pictorially he produced a very good imitation of Fair's style; but when one comes to examine the forged paper in detail it is found to be full of little discrepancies.

If all other evidence of forgery were lacking, however, there is one letter which was sufficient to overturn the claims of the contestants and to prove the alleged will spurious. This is the letter *q* in the word *bequeath*, shown in the accompanying illustration. The forger copied the *be* at the beginning of the word from Fair's writing. When he came to the *q* he evidently had no genuine specimen to go by. He halted over the letter, for there is a distinct break between it and the preceding one, and ended by making a conventional *q* and then going on to copy Fair in the remainder of the word. The same letter occurs thirteen times in the course of the will

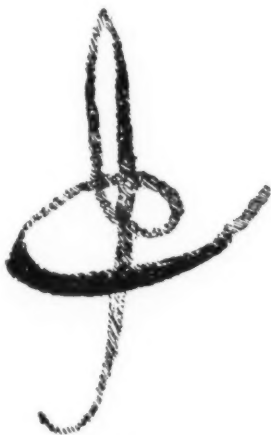
and always in the same form. Now it happened that Fair habitually wrote the letter *q* in a peculiar manner. It was very different from the *q* of the forged will, as may be seen by comparison of the two in the accompanying cut. Fair could never have written that letter in the form in which it appeared repeatedly in the forged document. The contrast is made all the more startling by the close resemblance in the remaining letters of the word. There were other characteristic divergences which led inevitably to the conclusion that the so-called will was a forgery, but the forger's lapse in the matter of that *q* alone was enough to settle the fate of twenty millions.

Another slip of equal importance, though seemingly of even less moment, occurred in the famous Morey-Garfield forged letter, which was made public in the closing days of the presidential campaign of 1880, in an attempt to defeat the Republican candidate. The alleged letter, it will be remembered, committed General

Garfield to the position of favoring the admission of Chinese labor to this country.

Its object was, of course, to secure his defeat by arraying the labor vote of the entire country against him.

As will be seen from the accompanying reproduction of the Morey letter and of an authentic one in Garfield's handwriting, the forgery was by no means skilful, being written in a hand much less free than was characteristic of Garfield. In the signature there is one mistake which, in the eyes of an experienced examiner, is fatal to the letter's claim to genuineness. It will be



The Letter "I" under a microscope, showing second stroke of pen to make shading on crosspiece.

observed in the forged letter that the dot to the letter *i*, in "Garfield," is misplaced, being located to the left of the *f* and above the *r*. It is no unusual thing to find a dot misplaced. The mistake is one easy to make, but a man would not be likely to make it in signing his own name. It is made the more striking by the fact that the *f* separating the two letters, is like a tall fence between them. In the dozens of specimens of Garfield's genuine signature, which were submitted for examination by experts, the dot of the *i* was invariably in the same place, to the right of the letter and in line with its slant. If it had come down to that, the misplaced dot on the *i* in the forgery would have been sufficient to save the Presidency to Mr. Garfield.

When imitations of genuine signatures appear in forged documents they are usu-

ally written in a halting, laborious and formal manner, not at all with the easy, running movement that a man ordinarily employs in his own signature. The Fair will forgery is a case in point. The forged signatures, while much like the genuine ones in general effect, show numerous breaks and irregularities and an uneven distribution of ink, as though the writer had paused frequently to note the accuracy of his work. In common with many other forgers, he tried to improve upon his work by retouching some of the letters after they were completed. A prominent example of this appears in the *s* of the first word. Under the microscopic examination of the expert these little flaws stand out until they are as plain to the eye of the untrained observer as the signpost on a country road. Retouching is a common mistake with forgers. While

these additional marks may not appeal to the eye at first glance, they become prominent as soon as the writing is enlarged. Another common blunder in attempting imitations of another's handwriting is to exaggerate its unique features. In the Collum-Blaisdell case, where forgery was alleged, a comparison of the genuine and disputed signatures shows at a glance how the imitator, in striving to reproduce the peculiar tremor of Blaisdell's writing, overdid it, with results fatal to his plans. This same trend to the exaggeration of peculiarities has been observed in many other cases.

It is no paradox to say that successful forgery is impossible. It may be successful enough to serve the forger's purpose of obtaining money or whatever he seeks by his forgery, but it cannot be successful enough to escape detection. To any-

Genuine Signatures of Fair

James H. Fair  
James H. Fair  
James H. Fair

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE SIGNATURES TO THE SEVERAL FORGED INSTRUMENTS.

Signature to Will

James H. Fair

Wagon Street Bond

James H. Fair

Pine Street Bond

James H. Fair

Replication Letter

James H. Fair

ally written in a halting, laborious and formal manner, not at all with the easy, running movement that a man ordinarily employs in his own signature. The Fair will forgery is a case in point. The forged signatures, while much like the genuine ones in general effect, show numerous breaks and irregularities and an uneven distribution of ink, as though the writer had paused frequently to note the accuracy of his work. In common with many other forgers, he tried to improve upon his work by retouching some of the letters after they were completed. A prominent example of this appears in the *s* of the first word. Under the microscopic examination of the expert these little flaws stand out until they are as plain to the eye of the untrained observer as the signpost on a country road. Retouching is a common mistake with forgers. While

one who has made a life-long study of the characteristics of handwriting, the fine points of difference between the genuine and the forged, which are certain to be present in the most clever imitations, are easily noticeable. The forger is certain to leave characteristic little marks along every line, and this trail the expert in handwriting follows as easily as the experienced hunter traces an obscure but continuous track of an animal through the forest. In the same way a forgery may be brought home to its author if sufficient specimens of his natural hand can be obtained for the purpose of making a thorough comparison.

When a piece of disputed or suspected handwriting is submitted to an expert, his first care is to note its general appearance. He observes what seem to be the characteristic habits of hand in the writer,

## FROM THE FORGED WILL.

bequeath  
bequeath  
bequeath  
bequeath

## FAIR'S GENUINE WRITING.

bequest  
bequest  
quite

Samples of the Forged Writing in the Fair Will Case; Showing the Variations in the Making of the "q."

the style, shading and connection of letters, their relation to the base line of the writing, and others significant points. The same process is applied to specimens of the alleged writer's genuine hand.

The next step is to disintegrate the writing so that letters repeated in both specimens may be compared in detail when placed side by side. In this way divergences or resemblances, which might not appeal to the eye in the body of a paper, are made perfectly clear. If any of the letters show signs of hesitation or re-touching, as frequently happens in forgeries, they are photographed through the microscope. By this enlargement retouches or tracings are brought out so that they can be seen plainly by the untrained eye.

Having made his examination of the whole writing, step by step, the expert summarizes the results, numbering corresponding parts, and calling attention to discrepancies or resemblances as they occur. By this process his conclusions are made perfectly clear, in all ordinary cases, to anybody who reads his report. In exceptional circumstances, such as court trials, he

may go before a jury with blackboard and pencil and show exactly how a forger wrote a certain letter as well as the way in which the persons whose writing was imitated habitually formed it. If his deductions are accurate, the results, presented in this graphic manner, usually are convincing to all intelligent and unprejudiced observers. It is one of the advantages of graphology that, ordinarily, its conclusions may be made as plain as the nose on a man's face.

The expert meets a difficulty in his work when there are too few of the real characteristics of either the genuine or the disputed writings to permit of an intelligent comparison. It often happens that there are only two or three words, perhaps a single word, of one or the other brought into question. In a case where the data for comparison is so meagre, the trained examiner may fail of a conclusive opinion without any discredit to himself. But where he has the material for a thorough comparison his conclusions are as trustworthy as those of scientific investigators in any other line of work.

One class of dis-

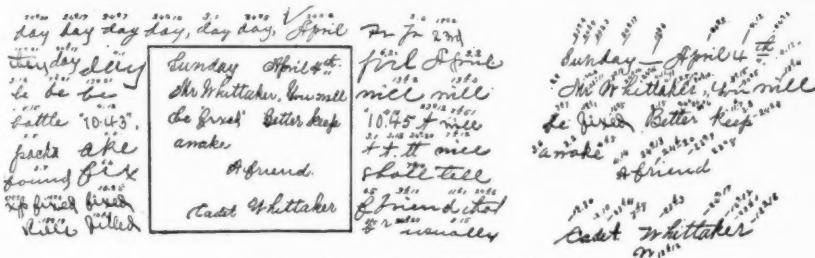
No. 5.—Collum-Blaisdell Forgery.  
GENUINE.

J. T. Blaisdell  
J. T. Blaisdell  
J. T. Blaisdell

No. 6.—Forged.

J. T. Blaisdell  
J. T. Blaisdell  
J. T. Blaisdell

Proving that the Forger Exaggerates the Peculiarities of the Genuine Signature.



Specimens of the Whittaker Case at West Point.

puted writings that comes frequently to the attention of the expert is that in which the penman has attempted to disguise his own hand. Anonymous, threatening and forged letters are usually of this sort. Such communications figured in the recent Botkin and Molineux murder cases, in San Francisco and New York. In cases of this kind, which involve a crime, there are generally circumstances to throw suspicion upon one or more persons. If samples of the acknowledged handwriting of these suspects are to be had it can be determined beyond a reasonable doubt who is the author of the disputed writing.

One curious case which was quickly decided by the experts consulted was that of the West Point cadet, Whittaker. He was found in his room one morning, bound, gagged and bruised, as though from a severe beating. He asserted that he had been set upon during the night by a number of his fellow-students, whom he had been unable to identify in the darkness, and that after a terrific struggle he had been overpowered and left in the condition in which he was found. In proof of his statement he produced a warning note which he had received a few days before and which ran: "You will be fixed. Better keep awake." It was signed, "A friend."

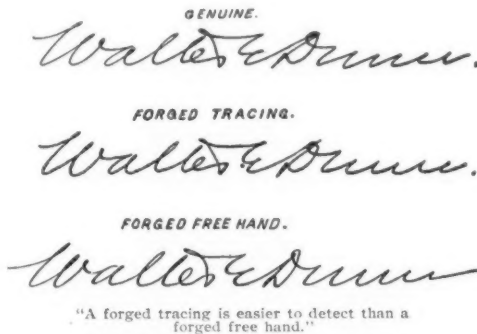
In the investigation that promptly

followed this affair, all the cadets were requested to submit specimens of their writing, using the words that appeared in the note. They did so and these samples were submitted for expert examination. The experts at once selected Whittaker's own writing as identical with that of the anonymous note. He had bound, gagged and beaten himself in order to avoid the necessity of taking the examinations, which he feared he could not pass.

There can be no better indication of the unconquerable force of habit in handwriting than is afforded by these cases of attempted disguise. To change the general pictorial effect of one's writing is easy, and that is what is usually done by those who try to conceal the identity of their writing. They resort to pen printing, change the slant of the letters, invent new and unusual forms, and employ all manner of devices calculated to deceive the eye and avert suspicion from themselves. But the habits unconsciously acquired during years of practice are not to be avoided by these means. The fact that they are unconscious makes it impossible to prevent a repetition of

them. One cannot walk around a hole that one does not perceive; no more can one omit from one's writing that of which one is not aware.

Trifles count for much with the handwriting expert in making his examinations,



for the reason that they are no less characteristic than the prominent peculiarities and are the ones most likely to be overlooked by the person who tries to disguise his hand. The crossing of *t*'s and the dotting of *i*'s become matters of great moment in making comparisons of disputed handwritings. There is probably no matter in conjunction with a man's ordinary writing to which he gives less thought than the way he makes these crosses and dots. For that reason they are in the highest degree characteristic. And it is precisely because of their apparently slight importance that the person who sets out to imitate another's writing, or to disguise his own is likely to be careless about these little marks and to make slips which will be sufficient to reveal his identity.

The whole science of graphology is based on the unvarying presence of personality, of distinctive and unique characteristics in the handwriting of every mature person. Take any number of signatures as an example. Each one stands for an exceptional personality. Each is unique and *sui generis*. The peculiar and distinguishing characteristics of one would no more be present in any other handwriting in the world than would the personal counterparts of their authors be reproduced in other individuals.

and writing will  
see that the letters are  
Very Truly Yours  
J. A. Garfield.

The Original Writing and Signature in the Morey-Garfield Case.

and  
be  
manufacturing  
measured in the  
Very truly yours  
J. A. Garfield

The Forged Writing and Signature.

The foregoing remarks and illustrations, drawn from personal observation of some fifteen hundred cases, may serve to make plain the scope of the handwriting expert's work. It is his duty to seek out the

identity of the unknown and the doubtful, to pass in judgment on that which is disputed or denied, to read in eloquent pen touches, no larger than a pinpoint perhaps, truths which the forger, the traitor, the murderer, believe to be safely locked in their own breasts. Of the momentous issues which sometimes depend upon

his investigations the results speak more eloquently than could any mere enumeration.

Since weighty results often depend on the expert's conclusions, it is in the highest degree important that these should be trustworthy. On this point it can only be said that, like all other circumstantial evidence, the testimony of handwriting experts is valuable according to the circumstances of each particular case. It depends, above all else, on the skill and integrity of the expert himself. Granted these and sufficient material on which to base his examination, it may be said that the opinions of trained experts, in questions of handwriting, constitute really the highest order of circumstantial evidence that is presented in courts of justice.

Daniel P. Ames,

# An Experience

BY

RICHARD MARSH

AUTHOR OF  
"THE BEETLE"  
"THE CRIME"

"I WAS walking  
along the shore  
towards Goring.

It was pitch dark.

The tide was out. I could see the wet sands gleaming in the darkness. Far out at sea were the lights of two fishing boats. On the landward side there was not a glimmer. The place was a howling wilderness. A keen northwest breeze was blowing. I could hear the moan of the receding waves. The sound seemed to come from miles away. It was cold. I suppose that my thoughts, like the scene, were sombre. Perhaps a touch of the eeriness of my surroundings had got into my veins. For as I walked along I began to be haunted by a curious fancy—the fancy that I was not alone. It was absurd. There was not a sound. There was no one else in sight. But there it was—the feeling that someone else was close at hand. I told myself it was absurd. I even stopped, and as I peered about me in the gloom I called myself hard names. But when I again went on, with me there went the fancy, too. And——"

The speaker paused. We were in the public room of the hotel. At that hour, with the exception of him and me, the great room was deserted. We were seated at a little table which was before a window. The twilight was gathering. The gas was not yet lighted. The room was in shadow. As he leaned forward and laid his hand lightly on my wrist I was conscious of a feeling which positively amounted to a shudder. As he himself had said, the thing was absurd; but there it was.

"And I had not gone fifty yards, when I heard a footstep at my side."

The statement contained nothing which could, in itself, be called in any way remarkable, but, to use a commonplace, as he uttered it I felt my blood turn cold.

"Just one footstep—the sound of a foot falling softly on the pebbly ground. It was close to my side, on my right. I

turned and looked. There was no one there. I told myself I was deluded. I went on. I had not gone a dozen feet when the footstep came again. I said to myself:

"You are a fool, my friend. Your brain is over-excited. You are just in that state of mind in which fancy plays one tricks."

"But the footsteps came again. This time there were two of them—the sound of two feet falling rhythmically, just for all the world as though someone were walking at my side and keeping pace with me. I walked on, seeming to pay no heed. I asked myself if, by any chance, the thing could be an echo. As I was endeavoring to turn the matter over in my mind, someone touched me on my right arm.

"I started—I don't mind owning to you I started. With an exclamation, I turned round. There was no one there."

The speaker withdrew his hand from my wrist. He raised it to his brow.

"I confess that when I perceived that there was no one there, I was amazed. The touch had been so real. And yet, after all, perhaps my imagination was again to blame. I went on. I walked







"I began to be haunted by a curious 'ancy.'"

perhaps another dozen yards. Then it came again—the touch! Although I was half expecting it, I wheeled round in a sort of rage, and saw a face staring at me in the darkness.

"My friend—although you are a stranger, sir, to me, I trust you will forgive me if I say my friend—I am free to own that I felt as though my heart had ceased to beat. The face was quite distinct, although I could not make up my mind if it was the face of a man or a devil. As I looked at it, it vanished."

"You think that I was mad. For the moment I thought so, too. I walked on at an increased pace, determined to throw off the curious sense of depression which seemed to weigh me down. It would be easy to relieve the fever which I supposed was in my brain; but my expectation was not realized. The steps went with me, the touch was on my arm, the face came back again. It was impossible this time to doubt that it was a face, for I saw now that it was attached to a body, and that the body was that of a man. He was quite close to me, within twelve inches, and he held my arm firmly in his grip. There was no mistake about that grip, for there are the finger marks still upon my skin. But where he had come from, out of the darkness, was more than I could understand.

"We looked at each other, as I judge, for some seconds, then I found my voice.

"Who are you?"

"He laughed. My friend"—again the stranger, leaning across the little table, laid his hand upon my wrist. I wished he wouldn't—"it is so easy to speak of certain things, it is so hard to bring them home to a listener's mind. That man's laughter froze the marrow in my bones. As he laughed he vanished into space. I could hear his laughter even after he himself had gone; and although I could see nothing there, and no one, I still felt his touch upon my arm, and could hear him laughing at my side.

"It was some seconds before I realized the fact that he had disappeared—it was hard to realize it while I yet was conscious of that iron grip. But at last I tore myself away, and, performing a right-about-face, I returned towards the Worthing lights.

"But, as I went, the steps went with me. The touch continually returned upon my arm. I quickened. The steps were quickened, too. I slowed. The steps were slowed. I broke into a run. The steps ran with me. They were sometimes in front and sometimes behind; sometimes on my left, and sometimes on my right; sometimes, as I live and breathe, above me in the air. And the laughter came and went. And the man, my friend, the man came and vanished—vanished—vanished and came. The man! The man!"

Placing his elbows on the table, the stranger hid his face within his hands.

Even in the twilight I could see him shudder. Had I followed my natural impulse, I should have risen to my feet and sneaked from the room. But I felt that he might catch me in the act. While I hesitated, feeling that I could have said a good deal—only I couldn't—the stranger removed his hands. His face looked ghastly white.

"That was three nights ago," he went on. "Time enough, you say, to have forgotten my illusions. My friend"—I wished most heartily that he would not persist in calling me his friend—"that man, his laugh, and his steps have been with me at intervals ever since. In the darkness and in the light, in public and in private, in the street and in my room. I am listening and watching all the time. My friend, do you not hear his laughter? Listen! There are his footsteps on the stairs!"

Again the stranger, leaning over the table, caught me by the wrist.

"Listen. Those are his footsteps coming up the stairs. One, two! One, two! Can you not hear them coming, step by step?"

I distinctly could hear something, and the feelings with which I heard it are altogether indescribable. Suddenly the stranger's manner changed. He loosened my wrist. He rose to his feet. Almost unconsciously I rose with him.

"Listen! He is gone! Ha! Someone else is coming. But it is not he."

It was not "he," unless "he" was the waiter. That functionary had come to light the gas. He seemed startled when he saw us standing there—and well he might have been. To see two men standing facing each other across a narrow table, with faces as white as sheets, trembling like leaves—I know that I could feel my knees going pit-a-pat one against the other—was a sight calculated to cause a surprise even in a waiter's breast. But he held his peace. He lit the gas. He drew the blinds. He went away.

When he had gone, the stranger, turning, fixed his glance again on me. As he did so I was conscious that his glance had on me a very curious effect. I felt that I could not escape it. It held me with a species of fascination. As I had never seen the man in my life before, he was in the most literal sense of the word a stranger. I had been sitting in solitary state, in the half-light of the autumnal

afternoon, looking out upon the sea. He had come in and found me there. Coming to the table at which I sat, he had entered into conversation—conversation which had drifted into that exhilarating little story of his stroll towards Goring. In the imperfect light I had not been able to make out what manner of man he was. Now I saw—though I own, still dimly—that he was tall—unusually tall, with striking, clean-shaven face, and a remarkable pair of eyes. His manner, too, was singularly impressive—I protest that I found it so, at any rate. Raising his arm, he pointed at me with the index finger of his right hand.

"You see, it is light, but I still watch and listen. I know that he will come. Did I not say so? Hark! Do you not hear the steps coming up the stairs? It is the man!"

As before, I heard the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs. Supremely silly though it was—and, worst of all, I knew that it was silly—the sound made me feel sick.

"See! The door is opening."

I turned. The door was opening, apparently of its own accord; for it stood wide open, and there was no one there. I stood staring like a fool for some seconds, I imagine, when the stranger, leaning forward, almost whispered in my ear:

"It is the man!"

It was a man, for at that instant a man came in. He was a great, ungainly-looking fellow. He appeared to me to be deformed. He had the ugliest head and face I ever saw upon a pair of shoulders. He slouched rather than walked. He wore no cap, and his hair was in the wildest disarray. His dress—he wore a sort of nondescript fisherman's costume—was anything but suited to the place in which he was. He stood just within the door, staring at me with half-sullen, half-ferocious eyes. With an effort which surprised myself, I drew myself together.

"Don't talk nonsense!" I cried. "There is nothing strange about the man. He is only a fisherman. He has doubtless business with someone here in the hotel."

The stranger only said:

"He comes this way."

He did, moving toward us across the room with an awkward method of progression which curiously recalled the movements of a crab. He advanced to within three feet of where we were. Had I

chosen I might have reached out and touched him with my hand.

"He is gone!"

It seems absurd to write it, but he was, and from before our eyes.

"The door was closed!"

It had, with a sullen bang. Where the man had gone to, or who had closed the door were problems which at the moment I did not attempt to solve. The stranger drew himself up straight. There was a ring of triumph in his tone.

"Was it a delusion? Am I mad?"

A minute before I should have been prepared to say he was. Then I was more than half inclined to think that we, both of us, were mad together. As I was trying to collect my scattered senses—they were very scattered senses, too!—the stranger whirled round with a vigor and suddenness which were anything but soothing.

"He has you by the arm!"

As he spoke, a grip fastened on my arm which compressed the limb as if it were being held within an iron vice. I turned, half in terror, half in pain. The man was standing on my left, grasping me with his hideous paw, though how he had got there, unless he came through the solid wall, is more than I can say. I struck out at him in a spasm of sudden rage; but, before the blow could reach him, he was gone.

"You heard his laughter!"

Did I? Didn't I! It was ringing in my ears, although the man himself had fled—an unearthly peal, such as we might fancy coming from a fiend in hell.

"Ring the bell," I gasped. "For God's sake, ring the bell!"

"What good can that do? That will not keep him from us. He comes to me when I am in the crowded street. Ssh! He is here!"

He was; this time upon my right. He stood at a distance of some five or six feet, eyeing me with a savage leer. I gazed at him transfixed. He seemed to take a malignant pleasure in my evident distress. After a momentary pause he put his hand into his blouse, and drew from it a knife. It was a long, thin knife such as butchers use. He looked alternately at the knife and at me. Then, holding it in his left hand, he began to smooth it upon the palm of his right.

"I wonder," whispered the stranger, "if it is for your throat or mine."

"Put up that knife!" I said.

"Knife!" he answered, in a sort of echo.

"Do you hear? Put away that knife!"

"Knife!" he echoed.

I advanced towards him with a degree of decision which filled me with amazement.

"You think you can frighten us. You play your tricks very well, but take my advice and don't go too far. Put up that knife or give it to me!"

His only answer was to raise the weapon threateningly in the air.

"Take care!" cried the stranger; "he will stab you."

"We shall see."

I sprang at him; we grappled. He struggled fiercely in my arms, then he collapsed, as if he were a bladder—there was nothing there. But, at my feet, his knife was lying on the ground.

"He has left his knife," said the stranger. I saw that plainly; it was the only thing there was to see.

"Pick it up."

I picked it up. I examined it as I held it in my hand. The thing was real enough, but where had its owner gone? I carried it to the table. I laid it down. I took out my handkerchief and wiped my brow. I was conscious that the stranger's eyes were on me all the time. I was conscious, too, that my brain was in a whirl. I felt as if all these things were happening in a dream; that they were but fictions, that I was in a nightmare from which, if I could but make an effort, I should awake. It seemed to me that some function of the brain had ceased to do its work, that something had snapped. Was I mad? I had read somewhere that the state of madness was rendered worse by the fact that madmen were themselves aware, though perhaps but vaguely, of their condition. Was it possible that I, without a moment's warning had crossed the border line which divides the sane man from the mad?

The knife was real enough, there was no question about that. I put out my hand to take it up. I already had it by the handle when it was snatched away. Again that appalling laughter rang in my ears. Looking up, there was the owner back again.

When I perceived that this was the case I endeavored, so to speak, to steady my mind.

I turned to the stranger.



"—he came straight to me . . . I clenched my fist to strike at him."

"Are you sure that there is someone there?"

"Are not you?"

"Frankly, I am not. But I should like to be."

"Suppose you go and take him by the hand?"

"I will."

The man had resumed his previous occupation of drawing the flat side of the knife backwards and forwards upon his open palm. I advanced towards him with outstretched hand.

"Will you not shake hands?"

He immediately grasped my hand in his, and, advancing his knife, drew the sharp edge across the back of my knuckles. As he did so he laughed. I snatched my hand away. He had cut the skin so that the blood flowed freely. It had been an act of wanton savagery.

"You cur!"

I applied my handkerchief to staunch the flow of blood. Immediately the white linen showed a vivid stain. As I was reflecting on this unpleasant proof of the man's corporeality—and of the corporeality of his knife—the door opened, and my wife came in. My first impulse, when I saw her enter, was to get her out again. The idea of her remaining, even for a second, in the same room with such a ruffian was unendurable. I hurried to her.

"Ada, come away!"

I was about to take her by the hand and lead her from the room. But she, drawing back a little, looked at me with apparent surprise.

"Why? What do you want? The dinner bell will ring in a minute."

"Never mind the dinner bell. We will wait for that below. I do not wish you to remain with that man."

"Man? What man? Do you mean the gentleman who is standing at the table?"

Turning, I saw that she was looking at the stranger. But between him and us was the fellow with the knife. He was still smoothing the blade upon his palm, and still glaring at me with his malignant leer. I dropped my voice. "Not that one; the other."

"The other? What do you mean?"

Stretching out my hand, I removed my handkerchief so that she could see the wound, from which the blood still trickled.

"Look what he has done with that knife of his. The fellow is unsafe. Come

with me. I mean to send for the police."

I could not tell if it was my words, or the sight of my wound, or the sight of the man, which caused her to shrink away from me. A startled look was on her face.

"Raymond, what are you talking about? There is no one here except this gentleman and you."

The stranger interposed.

"There has been someone here. But he has gone. Now we are alone."

I looked. It was as he said—the man had gone.

While I was hesitating what to do, my wife, moving to the stranger, broke into an animated conversation. It seemed to me that her manner was a trifle forced. Her words came to me as though I heard them in a dream.

"Beautiful weather, hasn't it been? Quite lovely. I have had such a delicious walk along the shore towards Goring."

"It is a charming walk, towards Goring—especially at night."

"I have never been that way at night. I should think it's rather lonely, isn't it? Raymond, what are you standing there for? You look as though you were moon-struck. Come here, do."

"I—I was thinking."

"Very civil of you. Come here."

I went to her. She was on my left, the stranger on my right. All at once he whispered in my ear: "He has come back again."

I whirled right round. He had—the man. He was at that moment coming through the door. Moving rapidly across the room, he came straight to me. He held out to me his knife.

"Confound you!" I exclaimed.

I clenched my fist to strike at him. The stranger tapped me on the shoulder.

"He has gone!"

He had—in front of me was Charlie Oates. Oates laughed.

"What's the matter? You look ferocious. Do you want to murder me?"

"Oates! You!"

"Of course, it's me! Didn't you know me? I thought that I was recognizable."

"Of course I know you. Only I didn't see you coming. You took me by surprise."

I glanced uneasily about the room. Where had that scoundrel gone? My wife

laid her hand upon my arm. From her tone I perceived she was uneasy.

"Raymond, are you unwell?"

"I am quite well. Only this sort of thing is rather startling."

"What sort of thing?"

"Don't you call it startling when a man comes and goes in this eccentric manner?"

"Are you alluding to me?" asked Oates, with a laugh. "I wasn't aware that my comings and goings could be called eccentric."

"Of course I wasn't. But there's the dinner bell! I'll just run upstairs and attend to my hand."

"What is the matter with your hand?" asked Ada.

"Can't you see?"

I held it out in front of me. The stranger spoke.

"There is nothing the matter with your hand."

There wasn't—or, at least, there didn't seem to be.

I turned to the stranger. "You saw him draw his knife across my knuckles."

My wife struck in:

"Saw who draw his knife across your knuckles? Raymond, what are you talking about?" She addressed the stranger.

"What is he talking about?"

The stranger bowed.

"You should know better than I!"

As he bowed, I distinctly saw him wink at me. I presumed that he intended to convey a hint that it would be just as well to keep our little adventure to ourselves.

"Come along, Ada; they will have begun dinner before we get there."

Unceremoniously I slipped her arm through mine. Before this, several other persons had put in an appearance. They, with one accord, were moving toward the dining-room. Among them were Oates and the stranger. But my wife hung back.

"Raymond, do you think you had better go down to dinner?"

"My good child, what do you mean? I'm starving!"

"But—are you sure you are quite well?"

"I'm well enough; but——" I glanced after the stranger. His back was turned to me. He was going through the doorway, with Oates at his side. "The fact is, I have had an adventure. It has a little upset me."

"What sort of an adventure?"

"Rather a curious one. I will tell you about it afterwards."

"Why not tell me about it now, Raymond? You make me feel concerned; you seem so strange."

I was hesitating whether I should or should not tell her there and then, when a voice said, speaking, as it appeared, quite close to my ear:

"Come down to dinner!"

I turned with a start.

"By Jove!" I cried. "Who was that?"

"Who was what? I heard nothing. There is no one here. Raymond, what is wrong?"

"There is nothing wrong. Only I—I suppose I'm hungry. Don't let's stop here, my dear, let's get downstairs."

I did not wait for her reply. I hurried with her down the stairs, and into the dining-room, in a style which must have led anyone who watched our progress to suppose that we were afraid that, if we did not make haste, all the dinner would be gone. I placed her in a seat.

"Raymond," she demanded, as I took the chair beside her, "are you mad?"

"That, my dear, is a question which I have seriously asked myself already."

She looked at me with an expression in her eyes of absolute terror. I pretended not to notice it. They were serving the soup. While they did so, I looked up and down the table. In front of me was the stranger. Something caused me to be aware of it, although I did not see him. I made quite an effort to prevent my eyes traveling in his direction. I ate my soup without once glancing up from my plate. At the same time I was conscious that my wife was not eating hers. I felt that she was watching me. While they were handing round the fish I did glance up. My eyes rested for a moment on the stranger sitting opposite. As they did so he said, in a low tone, which yet was distinctly audible to me, "He is here again!"

"Where?"

"Leaning over your shoulder!"

I turned, with a shudder of irresistible repugnance. I nearly dashed my head against the scoundrel's face. He was actually leaning over my shoulder, peering into my face with his hideous leer. I rose from my chair.

"You villain!" I exclaimed.

Although my back was turned to the



stranger, I heard him say behind me, "He is gone!"

He was—like a flash of lightning. I sank back into my chair with a feeling of inconceivable amazement.

"Raymond, what are you doing?"

My wife, as she put the question, seemed to be in a state of nervous agitation.

"Nothing. I—I fancy I must have a touch of indigestion."

I perceived that the tears were standing in her eyes.

Many of the diners had risen from the table. The room was in confusion. An old lady exclaimed:

"What is the matter with the man? Is he mad?"

Another old woman replied, speaking behind her hand, but I heard her, in spite of the precautions which she took to prevent me:

"Drink, my dear!"

Someone cried, "Mad as a March hare!"

I faced the speakers.

"I regret that any here should think it necessary to insult me. I expected, instead of insult, your support. Surely there is none here who can say that such a man as that is a fit person to be amongst us."

"Raymond," cried my wife, "come away with me. Do come!"

"What is the use of that? He is sure to follow me."

"I shouldn't be surprised. They do that at times."

This was from the youngster on my right. A waiter advanced.

"Come this way, sir."

"Pray why?"

"I think you'd better."

The man's tone was actually cajoling.

"Do you indeed? I think you had better do your duty and remove that man."

"What man, sir? I don't see no man."

"Don't you see no man? I allude to that man there—with no hat on, and with the butcher's knife in his hand."

The waiter shrunk away.

"I—I—don't know what you're talking of. I—I shouldn't think, sir, as you was well."

The man was too insignificant to bandy words with.

"Bring me the landlord!" I demanded.

"Here is the landlord coming."

He was. He advanced towards me up the room.

"Landlord, you appear to harbor some very curious characters in your hotel. You see that man there, with the butcher's knife? He has been annoying me for the last hour and more. He has already tried to murder me. Before he actually commits a crime I insist on his removal."

"He shall be removed at once. You had better come with me. They will have more difficulty in removing him while you are here."

"Why should that be? Am I not to remain because such a villain as that wishes to drive me out?"

"He's a very dangerous character. He's often here. Come along."

"How dare you try to take my arm! Then if he is often here the fact should be widely known, and you should be prevented from receiving respectable people as your guests. Stand aside, sir! Remove your hand! See, he's coming!"

I fancy the landlord was a little taken by surprise by the way in which I whirled him round.

"There, he's got upon the table."

The scoundrel had, right among the plates and dishes.

"Let me get at him! I'll soon put him off again, knife or no knife."

I began to climb on the table.

"Now, then, look what he's doing! Catch hold of him, some of you." I imagined that the landlord's words referred to the scoundrel who was playing his antics among the plates and dishes; but, to my surprise, they referred to me. At least, I presume so, for, simultaneously, half a dozen persons caught me by the shoulders. I thrust them from me with an effort of strength of which I had not thought I was capable. At the same instant the man upon the table, leaping over their heads, landed on the floor.

"Here he is! Stand back!" I cried.

They stood back, hustling each other in a way which was almost comical. I addressed the individual who was the cause of all the tumult.

"Now, you scamp, I will try conclusions with you. No one else seems disposed to do so, so I will take that office on myself. Out you go."

I advanced to him. He did not flinch. He raised his knife threateningly in the air. But I did not care for that. Running in, I caught him round the waist. I lifted him from his feet. He wound his arms about me. He was strong, but I myself



am not a weakling. We struggled furiously. Finding that I could not throw him, I slipped my right hand upwards and caught him with it by the throat. In my rage, I was half inclined to choke the life out of him. I could have done it. But, as I compressed my grasp, without an instant's warning he was gone! I was struggling with a phantom! There was nothing there!

"He is gone!" I exclaimed, looking about to see if there were traces of him left.

"Quite time he was gone." This, I knew, came from the youth who had been sitting on my right. "If he had not gone, I should."

"Now, then, catch hold of him before he has another attack. But don't use any more force than you can help."

Incredible though it may seem, the landlord was urging on the waiters to attack me. But before they could realize the atrocity of their employer's requirements the stranger interposed.

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce myself."

"Excuse me, but I think that this is a case with which I had better deal. Will you kindly, for one moment, leave this gentleman to me?"

"They had better," I declared. "You seem to be the only sane man here. Any-

body would think that in this hotel ruffians with butcher's knives were not only allowed, but encouraged to do exactly as they please."

"Look me in the eyes." I did so, though I certainly did not know why. "Now, then! Presto! Bang!"

I don't know what he did. He did something. It seemed to me that he raised his hand and snapped his fingers in the air. That same second something happened to me, though I really don't know what. A great weight seemed lifted from me; my brain seemed all at once to clear. It was as though I had escaped from the toils of some horrid nightmare, as though I had woken all at once from sleep. I looked about me with awakening eyes. I knew that I had been an actor in some sort of dreadful dream. There were the people gathered round. There was the stranger standing just in front of me. He had a slight smile upon his lips. He thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat.

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce myself."

He produced a folded paper. Unfolding it, he held it up before their eyes. It was a placard, printed in alternative lines of black and red.

"Signor Segundi, the world-renowned prestidigitateur, begs to announce that he will give his celebrated entertainment."

It ran in some such fashion. It was an advertisement of "magic and mystery" to be given at the Assembly Rooms that very night. The stranger placed his hand against his breast and bowed. "Ladies and gentlemen, I am Signor Segundi, wholly at your service. It has occurred to me that I might vary my little programme with the addition of some slight novelty. Hypnotism, as you are aware, is, as they put it, all the rage. Was it not possible to give my programme a scientific turn? Unfortunately, I am no hypnotist. With the best intentions in the world I have

only been able to perform a few experiments upon my wife. In these matters an artist's wife is regarded with suspicion by the public eyes. About an hour ago I entered the room upstairs. I found this gentleman seated in it all alone. Something told me that chance, that unknown quantity, had all at once, so to speak, thrown a subject at my head. The true artist is he who grasps at opportunities. I grasped at mine, and, if I may say so, for the moment was inspired. I told a story about a ghost—a most mysterious ghost—which I met upon the road to Goring. As I proceeded with my narrative I found, to my astonishment, that the subject was being hypnotized before I was myself aware of it. We had a most charming little entertainment, quite between ourselves and entirely in private. We have had, as you have seen, an equally charming little entertainment of a more public kind. Ladies and gentlemen, I have to thank you for your kind attention to that portion of our programme which is now concluded."

The fellow bowed—and ceased. I gasped. He had made of me a laughing-stock—a live advertisement! He turned to me.

"I have to tender you my heartiest thanks, sir, for the generous assistance you have rendered, and which has made the experiment so entirely successful."

I endeavored to restrain myself.

"I hope you will consider it equally successful by the time I've finished."

He would have done so if they had let me get at him. But Oates and my wife and others intervened. I am not a Bombastes Furioso. I am not, as a rule, a fighting man. But if they had allowed me to get within the reach of that impostor he should have had as successful a five minutes' entertainment as he ever enjoyed. As it was, they got him out of the room by one door and me out of it by another.



# THE FOOD WE EAT

By E. W. MAYO

A Study of the Methods and Results of the United States Food Commission Conducted by Prof. Atwater

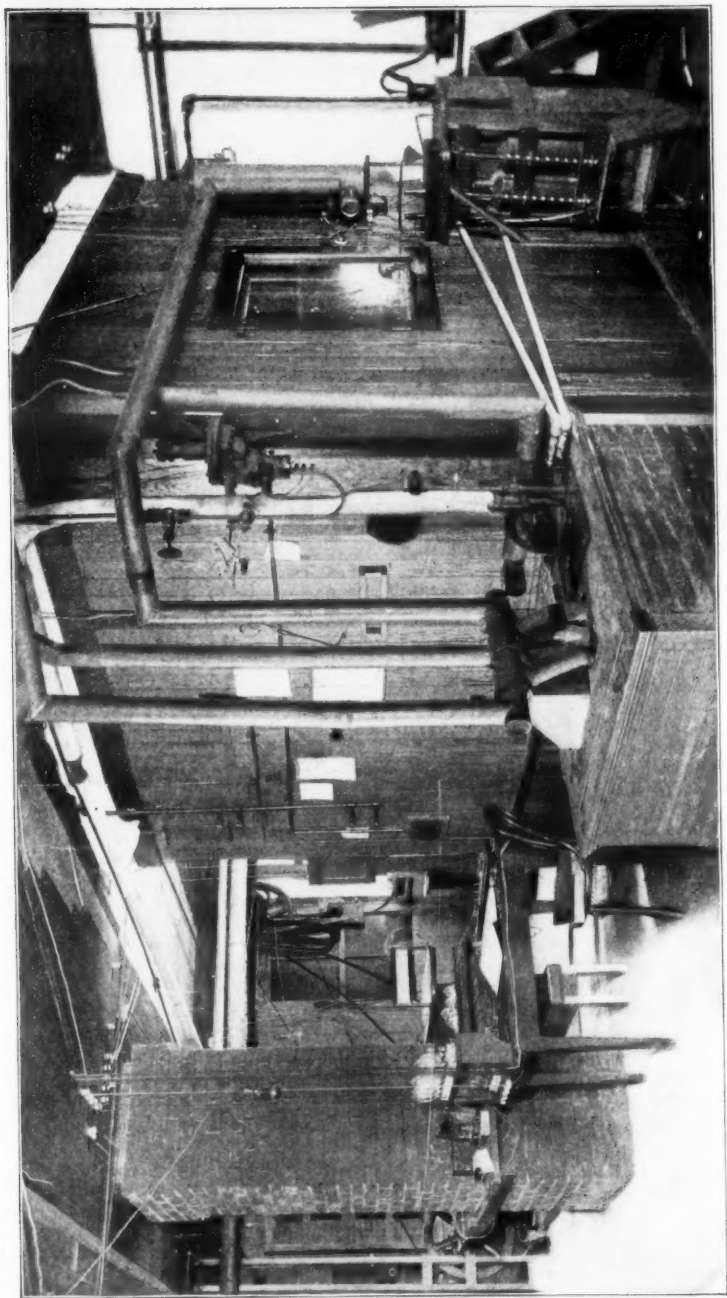
[T is a curious fact that after some thousands of years upon the earth man knows so little of the food he eats or should eat. True, he has learned something from experience. He knows that certain things are bad for him; he believes that certain others are good. Of a great many he does not know whether they are good or bad. He does not put stones into the locomotive's fire-box in order to drive it sixty miles an hour, but he is inclined to supply his body with fuel as ill adapted to high pressure work as cobble stones would be for making steam. He has studied long and carefully to find the best motive power for machinery, and the best fodder for live stock. It is only with himself that he dares run risks. The question which most directly concerns his own health and welfare is the one that he has almost completely neglected.

It is only within recent years that any concerted, scientific effort has been made to find out what is a healthful, rational diet for human beings. The experimental method, which is the true method to apply to this subject, has been tried in hardly more than one hundred cases. It will be many years before accurate results can be reported. Some important facts have been ascertained; others of greater weight are foreshadowed by the tests that have been made. The science of food differs from other sciences in this respect: what has been learned by the experimenters may be put immediately into practice. Popular knowledge of the subject should keep pace with the investigation. No inquiry of greater practical value has ever been undertaken in the name of science.

The first important food experiments were made in Germany. In this country the beginning of an elaborate and sustained inquiry into the comparative values of different kinds of foods dates back

no further than 1894. In that year Congress authorized an investigation into the food and nutrition of the people of the United States, and the task was delegated to the Department of Agriculture. The department turned it over to the various agricultural experiment stations throughout the country, under the general direction of Professor W. O. Atwater, of the Storrs Experiment Station at Middletown, Connecticut. Since that time the work has been going steadily on at Middletown, under Professor Atwater's immediate direction, in a number of experiment stations in different parts of the country, and in the congested districts of New York, Chicago and other large cities.

The inquiry divided itself naturally under two heads: first, to find the amount of fuel and energy given to the body by different kinds of food; secondly, to learn how nearly the actual diet of the people throughout the country conforms to the standard thus obtained. It is an obvious truth that we live not upon what we eat, but upon what we digest. In order to find the nutrition of various foods, it was necessary to know the amount and the constituents of the food eaten by an individual during a specific time, to learn what proportion became waste product and to measure the resulting energy. All these facts could not be ascertained from a single experiment, but from the corrected results of a large number of separate experiments. To obtain results of any value whatever, it was necessary to have the subject of the experiments where all the factors entering into the conclusions could be determined with absolute accuracy. It was necessary to know how much nitrogen and how much carbon were contained in the given food, how much heat was thrown off by the body after varying compounds of these elements had been eaten. This was to ascertain whether a man could do more work on a pound of



The Calorimeter; in which the subject of Prof. Atwater's investigations is isolated.

beefsteak, or a pint of milk and a loaf of bread.

For the purpose of carrying out this part of the investigation, a special apparatus was devised by Professor Atwater and Professor E. B. Rosa. It is called a respiration calorimeter. It consists of an air-tight chamber large enough to contain a man without discomfort, and fitted with appliances for measuring the amount of heat given off by his body. The man inside the calorimeter, is entirely isolated, and therefore it is possible to measure the food and the air that goes to him and the proportion that returns in the form of waste products.

In external appearance the calorimeter is a big box or rough wooden cage. There is nothing about its construction that may not be understood readily by the unscientific mind. In its essentials it is simply a little house with five separate walls, one outside another. Between these various partitions are air spaces. The purpose of the many walls and intermediate spaces is to prevent heat from passing to or from the inner chamber. Each of the two circulation passages is continuous around the sides, top and bottom of the box. By keeping the air in the inner of these two passages of exactly the same temperature as that of the respiration chamber itself, no heat is allowed to pass through the copper partition enclosing the chamber. The only heat in the chamber therefore comes from the body of the subject. This heat is carried outside by a system of water pipes, and is accurately gauged and measured. The water conveys the heat exactly as it does in heating or cooling the rooms of a house.

The only passages leading to the chamber are the pipes which supply the subject of the experiment with air, a window, which is air-tight when closed, and a "food aperture." The latter is a six inch iron pipe fitted with caps at each end. When it is desired to pass anything into or out of the chamber, the cap on one end is removed, the articles are laid inside the pipe, and after the first cap has been adjusted the other is removed by the man in the calorimeter. Thus outside air is kept out of the chamber and the balance of the calculations is undisturbed.

It is evident from what has been said that when the subject of an experiment enters the respiration chamber, and closes the passage behind him, he is absolutely

shut off from the rest of the world. He is dependent upon those outside for both food and air, and must take each in such quantities as they choose to give. Light comes to him through the little window. He has a folding cot to sleep on, a folding chair, and a folding table at which to sit. If the experiment is to determine the muscular energy resulting from certain foods he has tools to work with. He can talk to the men on the other side of the partition through the telephone which is provided for the purpose.

Everything that goes to the man in the box is carefully measured and analyzed. It is known exactly what proportion of protein, carbon and carbohydrates are in his food. The amount passed off from the body, even to the moisture absorbed by his clothing each day, is noted with scrupulous care. The man weighs himself several times a day, to learn whether the supply of bodily tissues is maintained, increased or diminished. The calories of heat that come from his body are written down in the record book at regular intervals.

Air is supplied to the experiment chamber by a meter pump. Every stroke of the pump rotates a toothed wheel one notch. At every hundred notches an electric valve is opened, which permits the air from one movement of the pump to flow into a box from which it is drawn for analysis. Similarly the air that has been used in the chamber is drawn off through pipes and passed through an ammonia freezing apparatus. After it has been frozen it is analyzed to learn what changes have taken place in it in the course of its passage through human lungs. Thus every factor in the physiological processes of living is carefully noted and determined.

During the progress of an experiment, a man is always stationed outside the box to look after the various appliances and instruments connected with it. He sits at a table by the small window, through which he can see into the chamber. In front of him is a galvanometer and a scale graduated to hundredths of a degree, on which every fluctuation in the air chambers is recorded. On the table are electric keys and switches, which enable the operator to regulate the temperature of the air passages, and registering thermometers which measure the calories of heat brought out of the chamber by the



water pipes. All these matters, together with the exact weight and composition of the food and air supplied to the subject, and the other observations that are taken are jotted down in a big record book for later compilation.

The daily fare of the subject varies with the nature of the experiment. The following schedule shows the diet followed during an experiment in which the subject was engaged in muscular exercise. It contains more meat than was furnished when the subject took no active exercise.

fuel and should be present in larger quantities where active muscular exertion is indulged in. The standard for the ordinary man, it will be observed, from the upper table on the opposite page, is .28 of a pound of protein and fuel materials sufficient to produce 3,500 calories.

For a woman who does housework, or takes a considerable amount of exercise, the proper standard would be about eight-tenths or three-quarters that of a man. In the case of children the amount required varies according to their age and

BREAKFAST.		DINNER.		SUPPER.	
	Grams.		Grams.		Grams.
Deviled ham . . . .	20	Fried beef . . . .	100	Deviled ham . . . .	30
Boiled eggs . . . .	55	Butter . . . . .	30	Butter . . . . .	25
Butter . . . . .	20	Milk . . . . .	50	Milk . . . . .	600
Milk . . . . .	200	Bread . . . . .	125	Bread . . . . .	175
Bread . . . . .	150	Baked beans . . . .	125	Sugar . . . . .	15
Sugar . . . . .	15	Sugar . . . . .	20	Coffee . . . . .	about 300
Coffee . . . . .	about 300	Coffee . . . . .	about 300		

The Daily Fare of the Subject during the Calorimeter Experiment.

The analysis of these food materials showed their components to be as follows:

FOOD MATERIALS.	Nitrogen.	Carbon.	Hydrogen.	Water.	Protein (N. x 6.25).	Fat.	Carbo- hydrates.	Ash.	Heats of Combustion per Gram.
	P. ct.	P. ct.	P. ct.	P. ct.	P. ct.	P. ct.	P. ct.	P. ct.	Calories.
Beef, fried . . . . .	4.77	19.28	3.03	60.3	29.8	8.7	—	2.09	2.421
Ham deviled . . . . .	2.64	36.11	4.91	42.2	16.5	36.9	—	4.03	4.353
Eggs . . . . .	2.24	14.39	2.19	73.2	14.0	11.3	—	.98	1.928
Butter . . . . .	.16	62.82	10.34	9.3	1.0	87.3	—	2.39	7.954
Milk . . . . .	.48	8.27	1.22	85.3	3.0	5.4	5.6	.69	.935
Bread, white . . . . .	1.33	25.45	3.85	43.9	8.3	1.6	45.0	1.24	2.540
Beans, baked . . . . .	1.15	11.85	1.78	71.4	7.2	.4	19.2	1.86	1.222
Peas, canned . . . . .	.05	7.01	1.18	81.4	.3	.2	17.9	.24	.759
Sugar . . . . .	—	42.10	6.48	—	—	—	100.0	—	3.963

The Analysis of the Food Materials Furnished the Subject during the Calorimeter Experiment.

As a result of his tests and experiments, Professor Atwater has computed a series of standard dietaries for men engaged in various kinds of work showing the amounts of protein, fats and carbohydrates that should be present in each. Protein, it should be understood, is the blood, brain and muscle producer, while the fats and carbo-hydrates provide more

the manner in which their time is employed.

Having ascertained that the proper daily diet for a mature man is .28 of a pound of protein, .28 of fats and .99 of carbo-hydrates, the next question is, how and in what form are these essentials to be supplied? They may be obtained from a variety of products. The table

Dieteries.	Nutrients. Lbs.			Fuel value.
	Protein.	Fats.	Carbohy- drates.	
Man with little physical exercise . . . . .	.20	.20	.66	2,450
Man with light muscular work . . . . .	.22	.22	.77	2,800
Man with moderate muscular work . . . . .	.28	.28	.99	3,520
Man with active muscular work . . . . .	.33	.33	1.10	4,060
Man with hard muscular work . . . . .	.39	.55	1.43	5,700

The Standard Proportions of Food for Men in Various Occupations.

on page 716 shows the amounts and proportions of actual nutriment contained in various articles of ordinary diet.

The most striking fact brought out by the examination of this table is that meat and fish, the animal foods, abound in protein or fats. The vegetable foods, on the other hand, contain relatively little of these materials, but are rich in carbohydrates, like starch and sugar. It is interesting to note also that the meats contain much more refuse than the cereals.

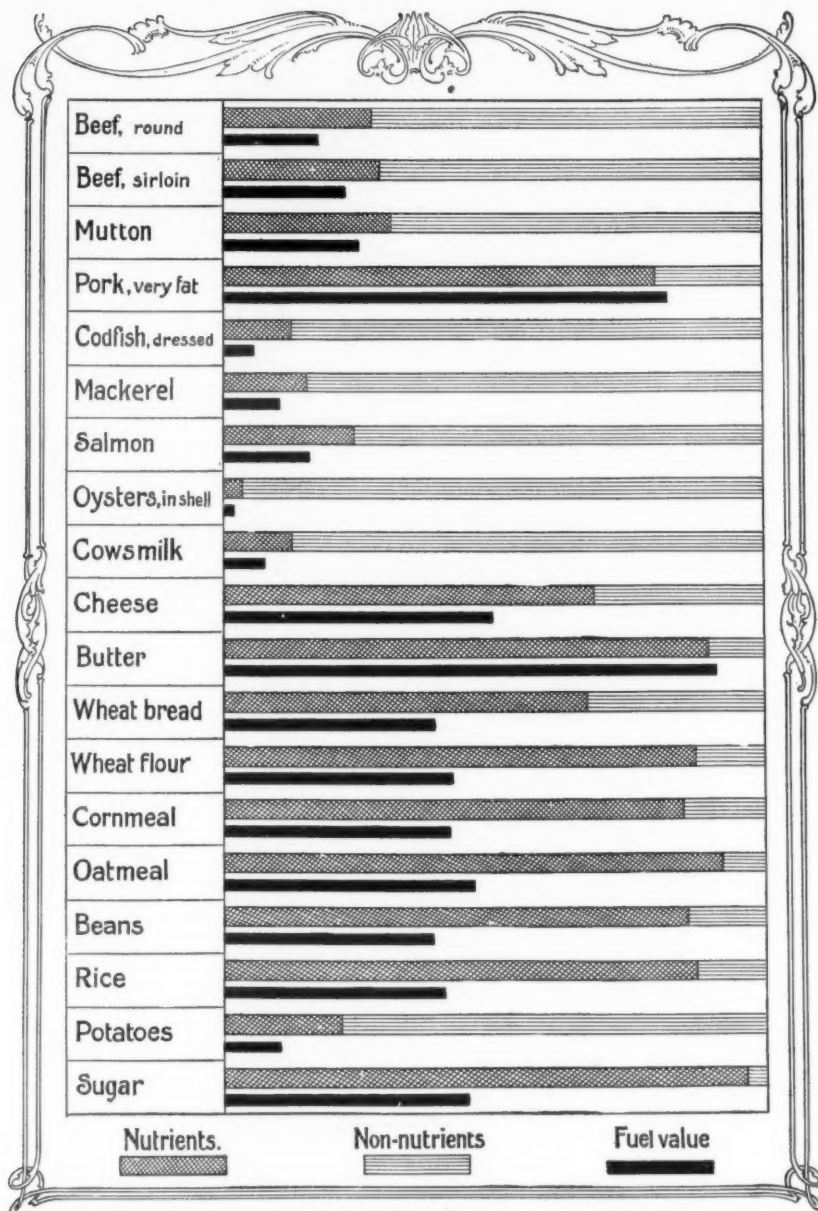
Beef contains more protein than any other article on the list. It has also some carbon and a considerable amount of refuse. Pork is almost purely carbon, while sugar contains only carbohydrates. Butter is nearly all fat. It contains an infinitesimal amount of protein, but cheese is rich in the latter element. Milk, oatmeal, beans and bread contain all the requirements for nutrition.

No single food affords a perfect diet. None contains all the nutrients in the proportions agreed upon as furnishing a standard for bodily needs. Beef would sustain life, but it is lacking in carbohydrates, and would prove a one-sided and expensive diet. To get enough protein and fat out of wheat bread it would be necessary to consume a large overplus of the third constituent. Bread and meat together make a much more suitable diet than either taken singly. Milk comes nearer than any other article to being a complete food. It contains all the essential nutrients, and in something like the proper distribution. It is probable that a healthful existence could be maintained longer on milk than on any other kind of food.

The food elements may be obtained in

proper proportions by an almost endless variety of combinations. The matter becomes one of individual taste or of cost. Some foods attractive to the palate have little else to recommend them, but they may serve a desirable purpose by lending variety to a diet.

One interesting result of the experiments that have been made is the proof of the wisdom of certain food combinations which man has adopted. Bread and meat, or meat and potatoes, go well together because each supplements the other. The Scotchman's oatmeal and herring, with the other articles which make up his familiar diet, supply the needed elements in healthful and economical proportions. Pork is altogether too largely composed of fat to make a meal by itself, but pork and beans balance each other well. The beans are made up almost entirely of protein and carbohydrates to offset the fat of which the pork mainly consists. In certain rural sections of the country a staple supper dish is cornmeal mush and milk. The experiments prove that this is one of the best proportioned, as well as one of the most economical of foods. While experience has been a good teacher in leading us to favor certain dishes, it has misled us in regard to others. The "hog and hominy" diet of the South, for example, is undesirable alone, because it is deficient in strength-giving power as compared with its fuel value. The rice of the Hindus, and the potato of the Irish, are likewise open to the objection of providing too little protein and too much carbon to be advantageous as the sole material of a diet. Aside from the matter of providing the nutritive elements in correct proportions, there are numberless considerations of



A Table Showing the Proportion of Nutrient, Non-nutrient, and Fuel Values of Various Foods.

taste and individual preference to be taken into account in determining the diet of any particular person.

To this point the scientific study of food may be conducted in laboratories and experiment stations. The experimenters may tell us what we should eat. But if their discoveries are to be of any permanent value in modifying our ordinary diet it is necessary to know what we do eat. Is our every-day food reasonably healthful, gauged by the standards that have been set? This is the question on which hinge the practical and economic results of the whole study. The answer to this question is found in the inquiry into the food and nutrition of the people which is being carried on in New York, Chicago and other large cities. Statisticians and chemists go into the homes, weigh the food purchased for daily use, ascertain its cost, and carry away samples for analysis and examination. In this way it is possible to learn how nearly our actual diet corresponds to the dietaries determined upon as standards by the experimenters, to know whether we eat too much or too little, to find out if we pay too much or too little for our food—in short, to ascertain whether our daily food is physiologically suitable and economically advantageous. All these are matters of the greatest practical importance to everyone, especially so in view of the pronouncement of the well-known English physician, Sir Henry Thompson:

"More mischief in the form of actual disease, of impaired vigor and of shortened life accrues to civilized man from erroneous habits of eating than from the habitual use of alcoholic drink."

Inquiries and tests in the form of dietary studies have been made in a number of different parts of the country so that the investigation, as far as it has gone, has extended over the whole United States. The most extended studies, however, have been made in the poorer districts of New York and Chicago. A great many more of these studies will be necessary before results at all complete can be obtained.

The investigation has gone far enough to show that, as a rule, our diet is not economical. How important this matter is may be judged from the fact that the family of the average American laboring man has less than \$500 per year to live on, and that fully half of this is spent for

food. Where the income is less than this amount a greater proportion goes for food. When the income rises the amount expended for food advances proportionately.

It may be seen, therefore, that a mistake in the matter of selecting and using economical food is the gravest error of domestic management that the ordinary family can make. It is among the poorer families, too, that these errors are most frequent. It is a fact that articles of food are served every day on the tables of the wealthy and the well-to-do which are rejected by their poorer neighbors who have a false pride in buying "the best that the market affords" for their families. They seldom do get the best, even when they pay a high price for it, and it is frequently true that for the price they do pay they could get twice the amount of actual nutriment in some cheaper and equally desirable form.

The actual value of food for nourishment is not always to be determined by the market price. The cheapest food is that which supplies the most nutriment for the least money. The most economical is that which is the cheapest and at the same time best adapted to the wants of the eater. The food that is the finest in appearance and flavor, and the highest in price, is seldom the most economical according to this definition.

The chart on page 718 will show at a glance the relative return for twenty-five cents expended for a variety of foods at ordinary market prices. Of course if meat or eggs go down these articles will make a better showing in the table, but its lesson is not greatly impaired by ordinary fluctuations. These figures tell their story so plainly that they need very little comment. They show that a quarter of a dollar invested in the sirloin of beef pays for a meat which yields three-eighths of a pound of actually nutritive material. This would contain one-sixth of a pound of protein and one-fifth of a pound of fat, and supply 1,120 calories of energy. The same amount of money paid for oysters brings two ounces of actual nutriment, an ounce of protein, and 230 calories of energy. But in buying wheat flour the twenty-five cents pay for six and a quarter pounds of nutrients, with eight-tenths of a pound of protein and 11,755 calories of energy. This does not indicate that beef-steak should be discarded in favor of wheat flour, but it does show that oysters,

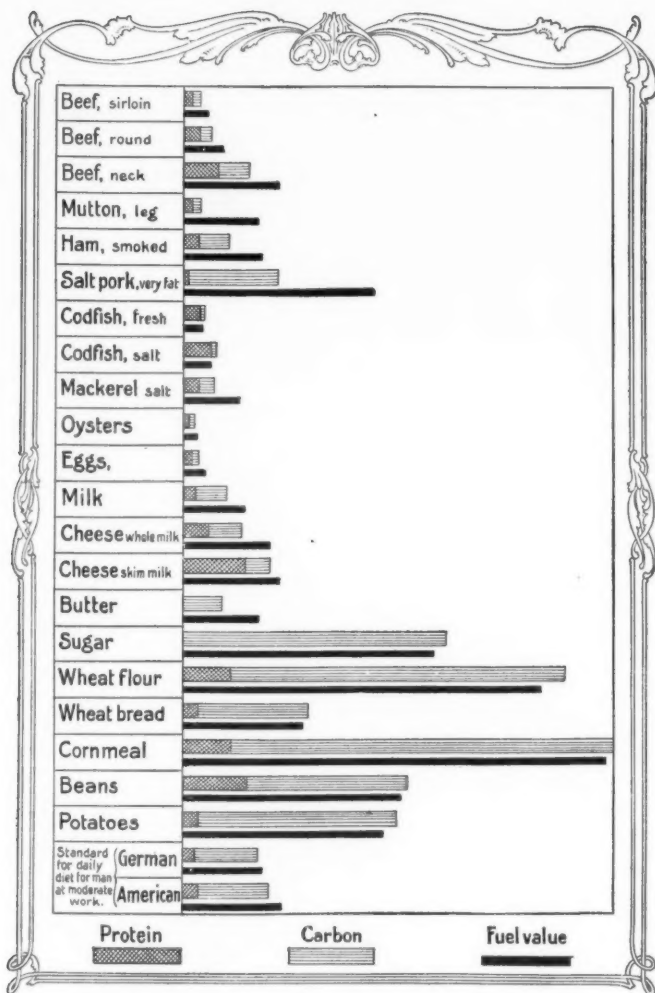


Table Showing the Relative Nutritive Value of Twenty-five Cents' Worth of Various Foods.

eggs and other foods of a like nature are ordinarily most expensive kinds of food for the poor man.

In general, it may be said that, considering the amount of nutriment obtained, vegetable foods are cheaper than the animal forms. This is not necessarily an argument in favor of a vegetarian diet. Animal foods, such as fish, meats, milk and the like, gratify the palate in ways which vegetable foods do not and are like-

ly to be more easily and completely digested. People the world over prefer them, and there is perhaps a reasonable ground for paying somewhat more for the like quantity of nutritive material in the form of animal food. At the same time it is undoubtedly true that most families, especially the poorer ones, pay too much for meats and too little for vegetables in regulating their daily diet.

The results of a single dietary study

will show the general trend of these investigations. It was made in the family of a mechanic consisting of father, mother and three small daughters. According to the standards the family should have had a little more than the daily food required by three men. The food per man used during the ten days covered by the study appears from the table below.

This family paid for food \$10.22 in ten days, or at the rate of about \$31 per month. Their rent was \$12 per month. When the man had work, he earned about \$50 per month. Deducting the cost of food and rent from this, only \$7 per month remains for fuel, light, clothing, and the numerous other requirements of a family. With good management in its purchase and preparation, food sufficient to meet the needs of a man at moderate work for a day can be obtained at a cost ranging from fifteen to twenty cents. The food of the family of a well-to-do professional man, whose dietary was recently studied, cost eighteen cents per day, or but little more than half the cost of that of the family quoted in the table. By the proper expenditure of their money the New York family would have been able to buy their

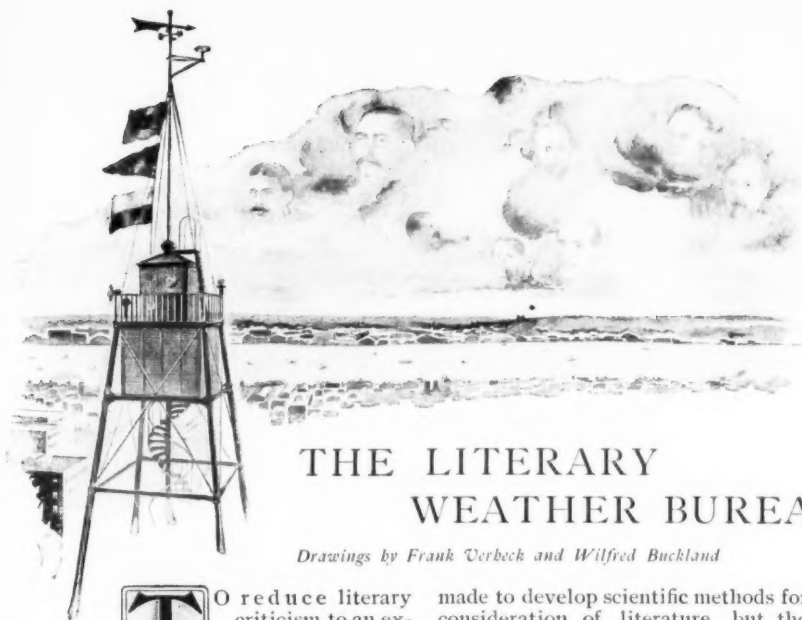
food for \$15 to \$20 instead of \$30 per month. The purchase of condensed milk, prepared flour, poultry, and most kinds of fish, was unwise. Ordinary milk and flour, and the cheaper cuts of beef, would have been more economical. The amount of food purchased might well have been reduced twenty-five per cent., and with some intelligent substitution this would have effected the saving indicated. The cost of their living would have been extravagant for a well-to-do family, and for people in poverty such as theirs it was ruinous.

In general, the investigations show that we waste food in two ways. We throw away a great deal that might well be eaten, and we eat too much. The cure for the former mistake can be found only in more careful household management. The remedy for the latter evil must come from the more general spread of such information as is contained in the tables accompanying this article, and from an appreciation of the fact that in the matter of food, economy and frugality are not only respectable but eminently desirable in giving us healthful bodies and efficient minds.

KIND OF FOOD MATERIAL.	Weight of food and nutrients (per man per day).				Fuel value. Calories.	Cost. Cents.
	Total food material.	Protein.	Fat.	Carbohydrates.		
	Lbs.	Gms.	Gms.	Gms.		
Beef, veal, and mutton . . . . .	0.70	45	64			
Pork, lard, etc. . . . .	.15	9	11			
Poultry . . . . .	.09	5	4			
Fish, etc. . . . .	.37	14	3	3		
Eggs . . . . .	.08	5	4			
Butter . . . . .	.05		17			
Milk . . . . .	.80	12	15	18		
Condensed milk . . . . .	.03	1	1	8		
Total animal food . . . . .	2.27	91	119	29	1,600	18
Cereals, sugar, etc. . . . .	1.36	48	14	396		
Vegetables . . . . .	1.13	9	1	59		
Fruits . . . . .	.34	5	5	44		
Total vegetable food . . . . .	2.83	62	20	499	2,485	14
Total food purchased . . . . .	5.10	153	139	528	4,085	32
Waste . . . . .		4	11	2	130	1
Total food eaten . . . . .		149	128	526	3,955	31

The Amounts and Proportions of Nutrients in Various Foods.





## THE LITERARY WEATHER BUREAU

*Drawings by Frank Verbeck and Wilfred Buckland*



**T**O reduce literary criticism to an exact science, and rid the ancient mystery of publishing of its gravest dangers, is an achievement so astounding that even with all the evidence before me I hesitate to give my carefully matured plan to an incredulous world. It seems impossible that at this late day it should be given to me to make a discovery for which the wise have been seeking since criticism first became a thorn in the literary flesh; but I have a message to mankind, and must no longer be silent. Duty and conviction impel me to announce that literature is governed by laws as immutable as those of nature. That these laws have not been discovered and demonstrated ages ago, is doubtless due to the fact that, until quite recently a sufficient progress had not been made in the material world to justify such a stride forward in the intellectual. It is only during the present century that the phenomena of the physical atmosphere have received due attention, and in that way have furnished data for the observations I have been privileged to make.

At various times attempts have been

made to develop scientific methods for the consideration of literature, but though ingenious schemes have been boldly advanced, and audaciously defended, they have invariably come to naught; for the simple reason that they were not based on fundamental truths. Poe's attempt to value epics by weight is now regarded as satirical rather than earnest, and the assertion that eminent editors of wide experience are in the habit of judging manuscripts by the feel of them, or by their characteristic odor, is usually ascribed to the promptings of humor. However, the time for idle jesting has passed, for it will be possible henceforth to judge literary productions with an exactness that will make criticism useless and log-rolling futile. By applying the laws I have formulated, it will be possible for the publisher of the future to reduce his losing ventures to a minimum, and for an author—after he has had a book published that will furnish the necessary data—to avoid the ruinous results of publishing in the wrong direction. Having discovered the characteristic trend of his wave of influence, and the average intensity of his intellectual pressure, a writer can offer his works to an appreciative public without fear of failure. Of course, in dealing with first books judgment will still be necessary;

but judgment backed by scientific experience will be much less likely to err than that which inspires the present order of critics, who can give no excuse for their existence other than a divine right to be fiendish. Of course I realize that my deductions will be opposed, or at least misunderstood by that class of critics whose minds are so broad that an idea gets lost on them, but to such people I shall have nothing to say. In order to present my case, I shall begin by stating the laws of the intellectual atmosphere in the order of their importance:

1. Impulses of humor travel from the West to the East.

2. Impulses of wisdom travel from the East to the West.

3. Poetry travels from the North to the South and from the South to the North.

4. Only waves that are direct in their motion develop permanence. Cyclonic waves are short-lived, and a second is never generated from the same source.

Amazing or absurd as these statements may seem to the literary and unthinking, I am sure that every scientist will accept them as authoritative, for I have attended meetings of the Association for the Advancement of Science, and know the fine courtesy with which new discoveries are always received. No true scholar will think of forcing me to publish the records of my many experiments and my tabulated observations, for by consulting the charts which accompany this article the characteristics of thought-waves can be seen so clearly as to be self-evident to any trained mind.

But now that I have reached a point where I should proceed to the demonstration of my theory an almost insurmountable difficulty arises. No mere reader can understand how much easier it would be for me to make known my great discovery, if my training had been different. Had I been trained to the exact sciences

I could begin my tale at the beginning with the marvelous directness of our greatest leaders of thought, who have the faculty of being unintelligible even in their prefaces. Though my state-

ments might leave the rest of the world entangled, I could reach my conclusions without halt or stumble. Yet it is not given to anyone to foresee the future, and my preparation for what I am now bound to consider my life-work has been not simply inadequate, but wholly wrong.

Instead of being trained to state truths in few words and simple formulas, or else be silent, it has been my misfortune to labor in the field of periodical literature where it is an axiom that he who makes two words grow where one grew before is a benefactor of his own pocket. For many years, like the masters of the craft I have practiced, I have endeavored to acquire the faculty of doing creative work, which, as every expert knows, amounts simply to making something

out of nothing and doing it so skilfully as to conceal the raw material. For years I have been piling words and concealing my ignorance at space rates, and now that I should use words to tell what I really know, I find them intractable. If any doubt could be raised as to the validity of my statements, or the value of my discovery I could cover reams of paper with learned disquisitions, but I am disconcerted by the bald simplicity of my facts. They need only to be stated to make the whole world acknowledge their truth, but so strong are habits once established, that I am obliged to go about my present task in the old evil way. I now realize exactly what Mr. Shorter meant when he said, "A man of science is never an artist." A man of science tells



"A genius is a man who knows a good thing when he steals it."



"Judging manuscripts."



things as if telling them were his only object in life, while the literary artist knows that *not* telling them is the highest possible achievement, for it leads to other articles and yet to others.

By giving the impression that he has something to tell, and then not telling it, the true artist leads his readers through instalments and volumes, and finally sends them away unsatisfied but full of admiration. Having decided to give up literature for science, however, I respectfully warn all critics who may not feel that their occupation is gone after the publication of this article, that henceforth they must not consider the felicity of my language but the solidity of my facts.

Having spent years of study on my unparalleled discovery, it is with peculiar emotion that I undertake the task of making it known in its completed form, for when once it has been given to the world it will no longer be mine. Others will be at

liberty to examine it, to add to it, and, perchance, develop it along new lines until in the end someone may be convinced, by the amount of attention he has given it, that the discovery was originally his own. It is well known that a genius is a man who knows a good thing when he steals it, and I have observed with much concern that geniuses are now being hatched out by the periodicals devoted to pure literature, at the rate of about three a week. But although this is alarming, and although I know that every great discoverer has been to some extent a martyr and, in not a few cases, has been robbed of the rewards and honors due to him, I shall not permit myself to be checked by any timid considerations.

When I first noted the facts that led me to make the studies and observations that resulted in my discovery, I followed the example set by Darwin when he happened upon the phenomena that led to the theory of evolution. I labored and meditated for years before permitting myself to theorize, for, to quote from that noble passage in the preface to "The Origin of

Species," which should be memorized by every student of science, "It occurred to me that something might perhaps be made out on this question by patiently accumulating and reflecting on all sorts of facts which could possibly have any bearing on it." In season and out I have studied the literary journals with the persistence of an author hunting for complimentary notices, and as I take this into consideration, I should not be surprised, in the light of the incredible character of my discovery, if some one should say that much log-rolling hath made me mad, or, at least, angry.

I have waded through columns on columns of the "Appreciations" that in this soft-spoken age have taken the place of criticism. I have interviewed hardened publishers and reckless book-sellers, and dined at table d'hotes with coming men and new women so that nothing might escape me. What I gathered I meditated upon and thoroughly digested, even though sweets do not agree with my system. In my pursuit of knowledge, I overlooked no skidway of the log rollers, and not even the advance notices of Hall Caine's works were so cloying as to turn me from my quest. And now that my task has been completed, I long to syllable a sigh of relief, even as Parrhasius yearned to paint a dying groan. If I could have accomplished the feat I would have used it as the introduction to this article.

As has almost invariably been the case, the wisdom of the ages has already grasped for many practical purposes the great truth that it has been my privilege to unveil. Penetrating minds arrived by instinct at the goal of my reasoning, and we find the language crowded with phrases and sentences that reveal an unconscious appreciation of the laws of intellectual progress, though it has been left for me to make them clear. That this condition of affairs is not unusual is known to every broad-minded student. Men acted in accordance with the law of gravitation long before the apple fell on Newton's nose, and while on this point I cannot help remarking that by



"The fine courtesy with which new discoveries are always received."



"Three geniuses hatched out per week."



"Much log-rolling hath made me mad."

the part it there played, the apple in some measure redeemed itself for its scandalous participation in the overthrow of our first parents. But that is a point I shall pass over lightly, though it would serve me admirably as a theme for an essay if I should ever be so unfortunate as to be obliged to give up science for the pleasantly discursive pages of pure literature.

As I was about to remark before I paused to nibble at Newton's apple, according to the promptings of literary original sin, the language is already full of phrases that show what may be called a burning knowledge of the truth. Swinburne has been called a stormy poet, Hall Caine a windy writer, Mark Twain a dry humorist, Maeterlinck a misty symbolist, Spencer a cold philosopher, and so with all important writers. Their talents have been modified and fixed with the phrases of the Weather Bureau, even though no one suspected the parallel that exists between the intellectual atmosphere and the terrestrial, and that by the study of the one we can arrive at a knowledge of the other. At first I despaired of my ability to gather the vast amount of material necessary, in order to sift out the evidence needed to establish the truth of the theory that was taking shape in my mind. But it has been observed before, and at such great and pious length, that I need not take up the discussion here, that when a man is called to a great work he is always provided with the material and power to complete it. Very providentially the *Bookman* was established about the time my mind was first attracted to

this subject, and in its reports of the book mart I found ready to my hand the data I required. As I realized this, my feelings must have been like those of Professor Karl Pearson when he discovered that a record was kept at Monte Carlo of all the plays that were made. He fondly imagined that these data would serve his ends in testing the laws of chance as well as if they had been collated in a scientific laboratory. He found peculiarities in these records, however, that vitiated their value, but I have fortunately escaped that fate. For years I have systematically arranged the material furnished unconsciously by the *Bookman*, and supplemented it with individual study in other fields, until now I am able to state without fear of contradiction, that the phases of the terrestrial atmosphere have their counterparts in those of the intellectual, as stated in the laws given above. Waves of thought pass around the world just as do the waves of varying barometric pressure and changes of temperature. According to the character of the wave we are able to predict from what New York is thinking to-day what Boston will be thinking in three months; for books are the food of thought and their movements serve as a guide. It is true that there are places where people read to do



"I meditated."

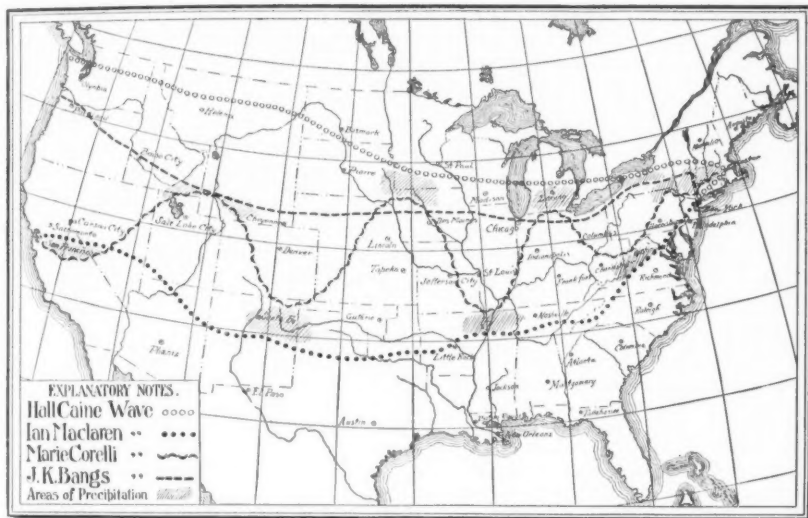
away with the necessity for thinking, but, as they are located in the Northwest, they need not be considered in this article. I have patiently followed the course of fully a hundred thought-waves through the intellectual centres that abound in every part of this continent, and to any scientist who may wish to consult my tables for himself, I extend a cordial invitation to come and examine them. Of course, if my conclusions are disputed and my reasoning is not grasped at once, I may find it necessary to publish all this material in the form of an encyclopedia, but my faith in the intelligence of the average reader is so great that I feel sure this will not be necessary.

In demonstrating the first law it will

be necessary only to point to the fact that in America all the important humorists come from the West. Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Bill Nye, "Mr. Dooley," and many others, who are not generally considered funny, began their work and received their inspiration there. It is true that the comic papers are all published in the East, but the embalmed humor which they purvey will be found almost invariably to be of Western origin.

Fully to demonstrate the second law would be to trace the history of civilization and progress since the dawn of Time. The course of empire has always

whirled wildly over the continent with cyclonic force until it finally passed off the map at Los Angeles, it will be noticed that its motion is somewhat circuitous, and that it is constantly crossing its own path. This is very significant, for I have observed, as stated in the fourth law, that when an author develops a wave of this character he is never again able to cause an important disturbance in the intellectual atmosphere. Like the man who stands in his own light, the author who cuts his own trail shows a confusion that ends disastrously, and I advise publishers to be careful in adventuring a second



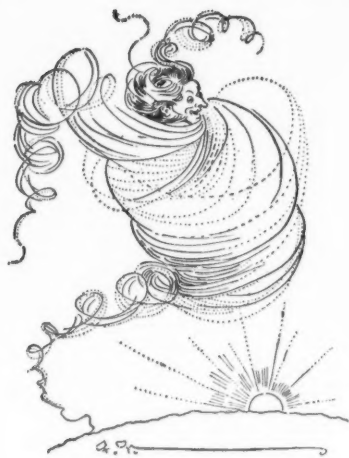
Map showing courses of waves of Hall Caine, Ian Maclaren, Marie Corelli and J. K. Bangs.

been Westward, and it surely need not be argued that empire is always based on wisdom. The first two laws when considered together, give rise to the natural corollary that the East gives us wisdom, while the West teaches us to laugh at it.

If the reader will now turn to the charts he will find there the directions of various waves that illustrate the natural trend of certain well-known authors. In drafting these charts it was not considered advisable to pay any attention to dates, but simply to show on the same map the course of various thought waves. Beginning with the "Quo Vadis" wave, which strangely enough originated in Cleveland, and then

time with a book by a man whose wave shows this eccentricity. This observation should also serve as an admonition to the author to seek another occupation. It will be noticed that the wave of "Coin's Financial School," besides showing this characteristic, shows yet another that is very interesting and proves conclusively the value of observations of this kind. This book came out as deadly serious, and yet it moved Eastward so persistently, that every fair-minded observer is forced to consider it a humorous work. Though this augurs ill for Mr. Harvey's future as a political economist, his outlook as a humorist is very bright.





"The cyclonic wave."

While dealing with the subject of humor, it is perhaps as well to correct a popular error regarding the works of Mr. John Kendrick Bangs. He is usually referred to as a humorist, but his thought wave is so rapid and direct in its Westward movement, traveling along the line of the forty-seventh parallel of latitude, that I am forced to look upon him as a serious writer. His wave owes its force to his powers as a story-teller, rather than to his jokes. If Mr. Bangs were a true humorist, he would be forced to publish from San Francisco or Chicago, or to seek an audience in England among the readers of "Punch." In the same way, if there could be any suspicion that the present article is humorous in its character, the author would offer it to a Western magazine, but confident that wisdom prevails in it, he makes known his discovery in the East.

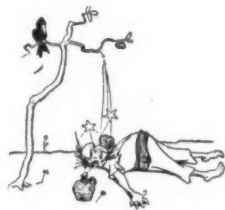
The direction of poetical waves was excellently demonstrated by Mr. Kipling's volume, "The Seven Seas." It may be mentioned, in passing, that Mr. Kipling is the only poet whose wave attains noticeable dimensions, and it always devastates the country whenever anything important happens to the Anglo-Saxon. The only other poetical waves noticeable since my observations began were in a southerly direction from Canada to Boston, and none of them had sufficient energy to beat back. As nearly as can be

determined, Oblivion is situated somewhere in the vicinity of the Back Bay.

Owing to the direction of the Maclaren wave, I am inclined to class this author as something of a poet, for though his tendency is Westward, he moves in that direction through the South. When it first became noticeable with "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," the "Manxman" wave was moving parallel with it to the North, and both together were crowding the "Trilby" wave into the Pacific Ocean. Wherever they overlapped I have thought it advisable to mark an era of precipitation.

As will be seen, I have found it necessary to include fiction in the domain of wisdom, because its movements are identical; but that is not to be wondered at, since fiction has of late years become the chief medium of controversy, and the most popular vehicle of facts. New movements are so continually being formulated by propagandist novels, that fiction has lost its original character, but it matters not how an author may label his work, so long as its true nature can be determined by the wave it generates in the intellectual atmosphere. Another unexpected thing that I noticed while considering thought-waves was that "Degeneration" and Kidd's "Social Evolution" caused their highest intellectual pressure during the summer months. This apparently contradicts the assertion frequently made by experienced publishers that heavy books sell best in the winter, but perhaps the difference is only one of terms, for many of our modern novels are really heavier than works on Political Economy and Social Science.

The way in which various waves contend and deflect each other is a matter worthy of brief consideration. The "Trilby" wave started from New York in 1895 and moved Westward with incredible rapidity. In the meantime, Boston, Hartford, New Haven and Worcester, Mass., were devoted to charades. While passing



"Before the apple fell on Newton's nose."

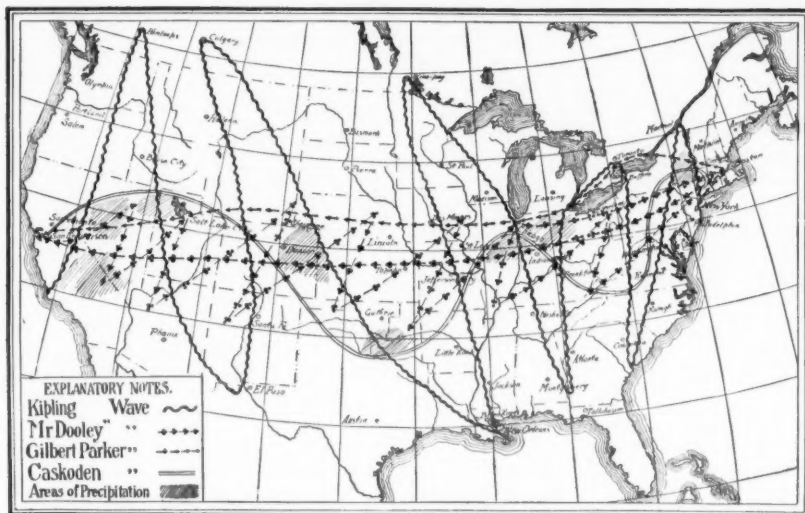


Map comparing the waves of Sienkiewicz and "Coin" Harvey.

Louisville the "Trilby" wave was deflected toward the north by a strong local disturbance caused by the works of Mr. James Lane Allen. But just as it had swept the whole country and was beginning to eddy down into New England, the "Bonnie Briar Bush" and "Maux-man" waves started abreast from New York and crowded it into the Pacific. In '96 a Bangs wave, which lasted about two months, was caused by the publication of "A House-Boat on the Styx." It was followed rapidly by "The Red Badge of Courage" wave and then by the wave of "A Lady of Quality." These waves chased one another across the continent and dropped off the map in the vicinity of Portland, Oregon. Other brief waves were caused by Parker's "Seats of the Mighty" and Stimson's "King Noanett," but in the end the Scotch authors prevailed, and the thought-waves of Maclaren, Barrie and Crockett enveloped the land. For some time afterwards the prevalence of Scotch authors, and particularly of Maclaren, was so notable that I think it would simplify matters if it were considered as a condition rather than as a disturbance. The character of Scotch work is such that I think its influence on the intellectual atmosphere is very similar to that of humidity in the physical.

All through '97 the Scotch authors con-

tinued to be supreme, but early in '98 observers began to note disturbances in the intellectual atmosphere. Here and there rifts were noticed in the humidity, and sudden eddies were frequent. All kinds of authors developed waves that whirled wildly but briefly, and for some months it seemed impossible to secure observations of value. But now that the matter is better understood, it is clear that all these waves were a kind of protest against the Scotch humidity which they finally dissipated. Out of these troublous conditions a number of exceedingly interesting waves developed. The wave of "Mr. Dooley" moved along the lines of humor at first and then returned in the direction of wisdom, hitting the high places as it traveled. Finally it found its true direction, and ever since has been moving evenly, as may be seen by the chart. The Kipling wave revived with the publication of "The Day's Work," and showed its usual characteristics. But while these waves were developing, out of the mixtures a number of others generated quietly and spread over the land, with the result that at the present writing a marvelous condition prevails. Just as in the terrestrial atmosphere we find currents and strata of temperature lying one above the other, we now have a series of thought-waves that instead of contending and de-



Map showing the waves of Rudyard Kipling, "Mr. Dooley," Gilbert Parker, Edwin Caskoden.

flecting one another, cover the whole country simultaneously. Wherever observations have been taken, it has been found that these waves are present, and they apparently overlie one another in the following order:

"David Harum," Westcott.

"The Day's Work," Kipling.

"The Battle of the Strong," Parker.

"Aylwin," Watts-Dunton.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower,"

Caskoden.

"Red Rock," Page.

"Mr. Dooley," Dunne.

Having now demonstrated the application of the laws I have formulated, I feel that I may leave them to be developed by authors and publishers along the lines that will give them the most light on their individual ventures. Of course I look forward with considerable confidence to a day when the government will establish stations in various parts of the country for taking observations of the intellectual atmosphere, which will be collated and reported through the papers as the weather notes are now. When that day comes it will be possible to make predictions regarding approaching waves, so that everyone who moves in cultured society will be prepared for any wave that may be prevalent in his vicinity. Booksellers and publishers may then use sig-

nals to indicate existing conditions and to forecast the ventures that will probably be successful. For instance, when MacLaren, Hall Caine and Corelli signals are displayed at once, it will not be advisable to venture into society without large handkerchiefs. Publishers should then be warned that any lighter wave which may be generating should be firmly kept in check if disaster would be avoided. After this combination has prevailed for some time, however, the world will be ripe for entertaining volumes on the nebular hypothesis, the psychology of subconsciousness, and kindred themes. To show how this feature of the work could be carried out, I shall append to this article predictions for the coming month, based upon the latest material that can be secured before going to press.

There are many eminent authors whose thought-waves have not been commented upon. But such an omission is not due to the fact that they have not been considered, but because of a desire to spare their feelings. Most of their waves developed characteristics that it would be painful to comment upon publicly, and though they would profit by studying their own cases, it would be better that they should do so in the seclusion of their laboratories. If they do this, some radical changes will be noticed in the literary world during the

next few years. Men who are now masquerading as wits will either take up serious work or give up writing, and many who are now reputed wise will be forced to take up the cap and bells.

#### A FORECAST.

Never since observations in the intellectual atmosphere were first made scientifically, have the conditions been so satisfactory as at the present time. For weeks past the temperature signal has been floating over that of fair weather, and at all the observatories the prevalence of cheerful, healthful romance has been noted. The intellectual pressure is very evenly distributed, the only disturbance noted, being in the towns and cities of the New England States, where the Browning letters have attracted some attention and caused a slight revival of the old Browning fad. As nearly as can be determined no new fad-centres are developing anywhere, and it may safely be predicted that the country as a whole will continue to enjoy cheerful romances until the Chautauqua circles begin to meet about picnic time. The only adverse observation comes from Mr. W. D. Howells, who claims to see indications of a great realistic novel from the Far West; but what has attracted his attention is simply the last splash of the realistic wave that swept the country a number of years ago, and is now receding into the Pacific Ocean, which is the deepest and most capable of swallowing it forever.

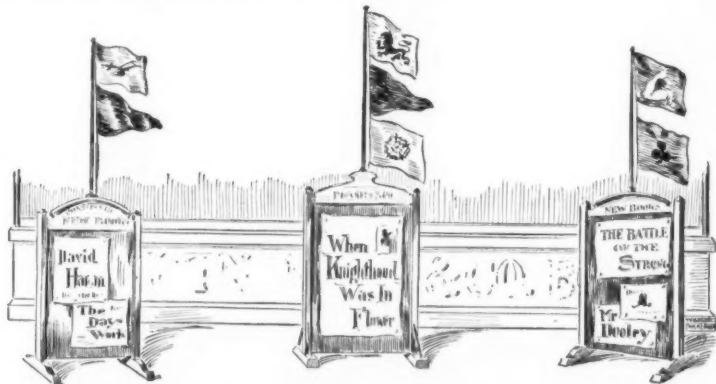
Early in June it will be wise for publishers to dust their most intellectual works and shake the moth balls out of them for the Chautauqua trade. As at the

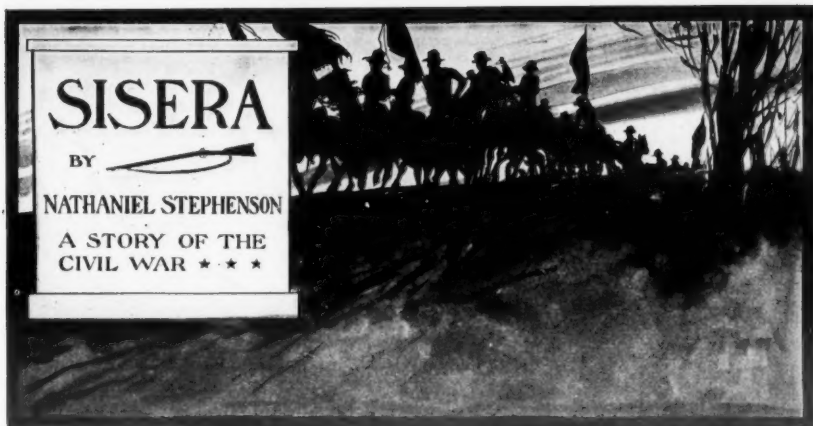
present time no moisture or precipitation signals are displayed, it is highly probable that along the sea-coast and in the mountains, the present clear intellectual conditions will prevail, only slightly warmer.

The present is an excellent time for the publication of clear philosophical works, as the fogginess caused by "Degeneration" and the writings of the degenerate disciples of Nordau and Lombroso, has entirely disappeared. There has been some danger recently of a wave of spiritualistic and occult literature, but, fortunately, it appears to be confining itself to a few eddies in Eastern pulpits.

It is still too early to predict accurately the kind of economic works that will form the intellectual basis of the next presidential campaign, although there are indications in Michigan, Illinois, Kansas, and parts of New York State, that anti trust literature will be prevalent, and that works advocating government ownership of franchises will be widely read. Publishers must be careful in preparing for this trade, however. Many of the books should be published in the West, so that they may move along the lines of humor, although it is possible that a few rational ones might be issued in the East.

In conclusion it may be said that although the intellectual atmosphere at the present time is unusually quiet and pleasant, it will be wise for every one to expect the unexpected. By doing that, and also by expecting the expected, they will be able to avoid disastrous mistakes, and the purpose of this article will be accomplished.





TOWARD the close of the Civil War a handful of gray-coat cavalry, blundered, missed connections, and were left, so to speak, in air, amid enemies. That happened in Southwestern Ohio. They had struck across from Kentucky, meaning to join Morgan in his raid around Cincinnati. Their leader had been born within a mile of the place where they missed Morgan, and had been spat upon as a "renegade" by his own people, when he went away, at the beginning of the war, to give his sword to the Confederacy.

And now, when James McAvoy made sure that he was too late, that Morgan had passed the day before, that his own men were exhausted and his horses broken, he drew rein at a crossroads, and for a space no man spoke. They had kept their saddles nineteen hours. Night was falling; Morgan had swept the countryside clean; for ten hours they had not seen a man or a live horse, and they had had nothing to eat. They sat their broken horses in grim silence, and looked down at something which lay in the crossroads, and McAvoy spoke neither to it nor to them. The sunset drew a red swath at their backs, turning them all, men and horses, into jet-like silhouettes, and still no one took heart to break the silence. There was not even a neigh from the horses.

The thing in the crossroads was the body of a man, or, rather, of a boy. He lay upon his back, his eyes wide open, one hand clutching a shotgun, a bullet hole in the side of his head.

The night closed in; the wide uplands grew vaguely dark, and McAvoy still stared at the dead.

"Well, captain," said one of the men at last, "what next?"

McAvoy roused himself and took off his slouch hat. He pushed his hand across his forehead and said, slowly:

"I ain't squeamish, but this is rough. We've got to stay the night at Bosworth—it's just over the hill there—and this boy is the only brother of the fellow I took south with me two years ago. Our people never forgave either of us. I believe he was waiting for me when Morgan's men killed him."

Again there was silence. At last the trooper who had spoken before, pulled up his horse's head, saying:

"Lead us somewhere, Mac. We're plumb beat out."

McAvoy turned his horse up the hill and the rest followed at a walk. As they came across the brow of the hill, they showed, for a moment, high and black against the sunset, and that was when the village first caught sight of them. By the time they reached its outskirts, it was like a startled beehive. No men were to be seen, for almost all had been summoned to Cincinnati and pressed into the militia. But children and women stood on doorsteps and shook their fists at the Confederates as they rode down the street.

But their rage was not so much against the Confederates as against McAvoy.

"S-s-s-s-s!" cried a little boy, pointing at him and rubbing one finger on another, "traitor—traitor—traitor!"

"Traitor, traitor—s-s-s-s!" echoed along the street.

"You don't seem popular, old man," said one of the troopers, himself a "rene-gade" like the captain, "but I suppose that's just the reception I'd get if I went home."

McAvoy did not answer. In his heart he was bitterly reviewing the past. He was cursing his own people while passionate scenes burned in his memory.

Five years before the War began, Bosworth, like every other village in South Ohio, had divided sharply upon slavery. The old men stood by the *status quo*, by the right of the Slave States to mind their own affairs, and with them stood a few young ones, notably James McAvoy. But four-fifths of the village went for Abolition. Their leader was a fanatical hunch-backed shoemaker, sprung of a passionate race, one Joseph Leverett, a brother of the village parson. He came of a stock that did nothing by halves; he was himself a man of weight; his influence went through half a county, and he and McAvoy became sworn enemies.

On the night of June 26th, 1857, a dozen young gentlemen of Cincinnati rode into Bosworth and James McAvoy rode among them. It was a soft, starry night. They trotted easily into the village by different roads, and met in front of the church, and in five minutes a cordon of

horsemen had surrounded the hunchback's house. Their intention was to tar and feather him. McAvoy and two others forced their way in, and, despite the tears of his family, searched for him high and low. But his friends had been too quick for them; the bird was flown. The searchers lost their tempers, stamped and threatened, and one of them, striking his fist upon a table, accidentally overturned a

lamp. It exploded, and in an instant the room was ablaze. The Cincinnatians and McAvoy had intended no damage to Leverett's property, and they did their best to stop the fire. But they strove alone. The villagers, supposing that this was intentional, and being taken by surprise, gathered in a bewildered crowd and watched the house burn. In vain the marauders cried to them to come in and help. They stood aloof, watching the dozen figures, as they came and went, black against the curtain of the



"The Cincinnatians and McAvoy did their best to stop the fire."

flames; and they whispered among themselves, "It is a trap to catch others. We'll be revenged in time."

The marauders had remounted, and sitting together, had turned for a last look at the pyramid of fire, now sinking into a low mound, when the parson appeared before them. The bright light of the fire made a great circle of brilliancy in the midst of the night, the faces of the villagers glowed hot in reddish lustre, and between them and the black horsemen, in



an empty, shining space, stood the parson. He was a tall, gloomy man, with black hair tossing upon his shoulders and eyes as fanatical as his brother's.

"James McAvoy," he cried out, "in the name of God, I summon you to appear for this at the last day."

He paused, and stretching forth a long finger, that trembled in his wrath, he pointed from man to man of the horse-men.

"You—and you—and you," he cried, "I summon you also. I do not see your faces. You are black to me against that hell-fire of your own kindling. So shall you be in judgment. Blackness of despair shall be your portion. Go—to your doom."

He turned and strode away. For a time the marauders were men astonished utterly, and the villagers dared not speak. They were all more or less afraid of the parson. There was an intensity in the Leverett blood that gave, in moments of passion, a power from which men drew away in alarm.

The fire burned slowly lower, and as the light became less brilliant, the shadows less dense, the horsemen changed from black monsters to distinguishable men. Finally one of them dismounted, went to the group of villagers and gave his name.

"I pledge my word," said he, "that we will make good the loss of Mr. Leverett's house. The fire was accidental. I overturned the lamp myself."

His companions crowded around him and endorsed what he said. And they kept their word. The next day McAvoy paid to Mrs. Leverett a sum much larger than the real value of the house and its contents. The parson, however, opposed the payment. He vehemently protested that it was taking blood-money from Satan. That vindictive Leverett nature rejoiced in having enemies. But his sister-in-law was poor, her husband had been spirited away, she knew not when he would return, and everyone save the parson said, "Take the money—it is yours."

But by so doing the village tied its hands as to McAvoy. The parson, indeed, who had been wild in his youth, and was still a volcano slumbering, would have driven the man away. And when the others hung their heads, and said, "We have taken his money; we must let him live," the parson raged.

From that moment he took his brother's place as the chief of the Abolitionists, and as McAvoy's relentless enemy. From that day, till the first gun of the war, their antagonism seethed.

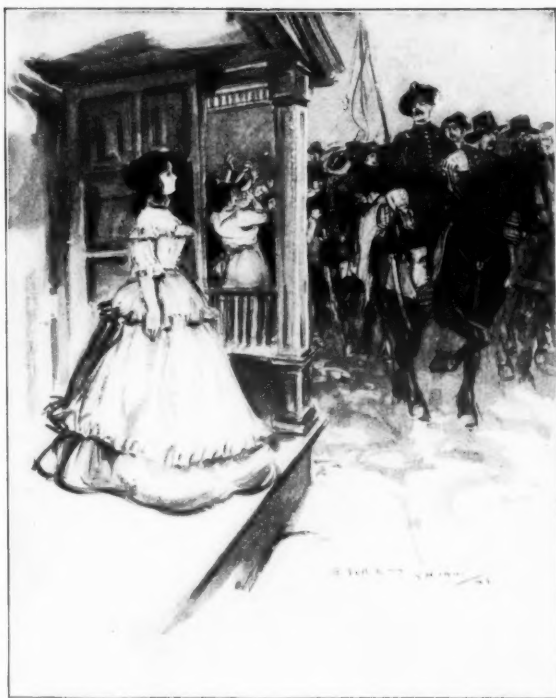
McAvoy rallied against his enemy, and made a brave fight. At the first, fate seemed to be with him. The Leveretts had always had a talent for doing things too vehemently and alienating their friends. The parson was the most extreme instance. When the exiled Leverett died of colds and privation, the intolerance, the bitterness of his brother grew so intense that it repelled many. His sermons were all on texts in the Old Testament. They rang with the savagery of "Judges"; people shrank from them. But the Leveretts were a fated stock as well as a furious one. And the parson reaped his sowing. He had a son, in whom, to his terror, certain evils of his own youth lived again, and at last, just before the lightning fell upon Sumter, that son—his prodigal, but also his idol—struck a hand, one night, into McAvoy's and shouted with a swagger, "I'm with you, old man. I stand by the underdog. Hurrah for Secession!"

In the small hours, that same night, young Leverett pounded upon McAvoy's door, crying to him to be quick, for a mob was after them.

They got away through an orchard, ran crouching in the shelter of a fence round two sides of a field and reached a wood. Looking back, they saw lights moving in the village. A murmur came along the wind and swelled for a moment into hubbub. The lights ran together and flickered into a bunch; then they streamed forth in a straggling column, some faster, some slower, but all bobbing among the trees of the orchard on the trail of the fugitives.

"Good God!" cried McAvoy, "they mean business. Run!"

Both McAvoy and Leverett got safe to Kentucky and enlisted for the Confederacy. But Leverett, in everything, had always been among the first to go in and among the first to get hurt. At every turn of his life there had been the Leverett fatality. He died recklessly in one of those scrambling butcheries which made up the battle of Shiloh. The news of his death traveled gradually home. It broke his mother's heart; his father turned gray while the light that came into his eyes made people remember that there was a



"—he saw a face that made happier days live in his heart."

streak of insanity among his ancestors; and in the village generally, the rage against McAvoy burned to white heat. It was not so much that the boy had died as that he had been traduced from his allegiance and had died for the enemy. McAvoy's own kinsmen were as bitter against him as anyone.

And now, after two years the renegade had returned. And all the village hissed him as he rode along the street. But in one of the doorways he saw a face that for a moment made happier days live in his heart. It was the face of his sister. He checked his horse, leaned forward, and looked straight into her eyes. For a long moment each looked at the other, the woman haughty. Then she tossed her head, and McAvoy could not see the tears in her eyes. What he could see was that she turned her back and noisily bolted her door. She had been breaking her heart over him those two long years, but she had not flinched in her martyrdom.

McAvoy struck his horse's flank and rode down the street.

"Chickens come home to roost," whispered a Southerner to the other of the two renegades, "that's just the way our party has done, and now our friends must pay for it."

"Beauties of Civil War," said the Northerner, "it's all in the game."

"You can bet on that," said the other.

They had reached the green in front of the church, and McAvoy drew rein. For a moment he sat still—a great, stooping figure; a strong man drooping with misery. For James McAvoy, after the first plunge, though he had never dreamed of weakening, had felt bitterly his exile. Why should his people scorn him because he held opinions different from theirs? Why could they not say, as David did to Saul, "The Lord judge between me and thee."

But now, on the village green, before the church where he was christened, he

drooped only for a moment. He roused himself and turned to his men.

"We'll camp in the church," said he as he dismounted; "it's big as a barracks and the basement will do for the horses."

"James McAvoy," cried a woman's voice, "can't y' spare the House of God?"

McAvoy stamped his foot, the man of action awaking in him angrily.

"Would you like one man to a house," he sneered, "so that you could cut his throat in the night?"

"It would be no worse than y' deserve," she cried, her eyes blazing, "y' traitor and murderer. Where's Tom Leverett?"

Other women had gathered near the church, and they took up the cry, "Where's Tom Leverett?"

McAvoy gnawed his lips, but he did not answer. He flung his weight upon the basement door of the church, burst it open, and led down his horse into darkness.

An hour later the basement had been converted into a rough sort of stable; hay and food had been seized; the night had shut with thick blackness; one sentry stood wearily on guard inside the church-door, and in the church itself the exhausted troopers lay drowned in sleep.

The women, however, did not sleep. They stood together on the green, and their bitter voices trembled.

"Did y' see them as they came over the top of the hill with the sun going down behind them—the robbers!" cried one.

The eyes of the women seemed to feel for each other glitteringly through the dark, and all answered to one feeling. That procession of gaunt, black horsemen, stalking across the naked hilltop and looming colossal against the stormy crimson of the sunset, had stamped upon every mind one idea. Here was the resurrection of that other night when this same James McAvoy was one of the group of black horsemen, when the fire by which they were silhouetted went up from a burning house.

"They burned poor Leverett's house above his wife's head," cried one, "and James McAvoy put them up to it. And he calls himself a man. He's a coward and a villain."

"And they dare to ride into this very village and take our food and our hay,"

cried another, "and lock themselves up in the church. They wouldn't do it if the men were here."

Unconsciously, the women were identifying the two bands of marauders. To them the only real man in either band was McAvoy. He and his friends had burned Leverett's house; he and his friends had ridden into Bosworth and seized the church for barracks. The hatred of the leader made his followers mere ciphers, with no existence but as extensions of himself. The passion of civil strife, the most demoniac known to man, is too fierce to make accurate distinctions.

And Bosworth—lonely, out-of-the-way, unnoticed little Bosworth—having suffered cruelly from the war, had nursed its passions. The prime of its men had volunteered, and some fatality was upon them, for few came back. Not a woman in the group upon the green but had her own tragedy. With this one, it was a son, killed like Leverett, at Shiloh; with that, a brother shot at Antietam; with another, the husband dying even then in a military prison. And with all, it was the rage against the traitor—that furious partisan zeal which gives itself to an idea, body and soul, having no care for reward, no dread of punishment, that heeds neither heaven nor hell, that is simply a blind, unreckoning drunkenness of enthusiasm.

Now and then in history there come such enthusiasms like tidal waves. In that delirium of the great Civil War two such waves swept across America and the nation rocked in whirlpools. People imagine falsely that the great points of focus for the passion of the time were the places where armies met, where drums rolled and cannon thundered. Such imaginings show little knowledge of human nature. Battles are safety-valves for the steam of passion; men fight like wolves to-day; fall to admiring each other's bravery; and to-morrow meet between the lines and drink from the same cup. It is the non-combatants who keep passion alive. It is in the awful tension of inaction, while the battles rage far away, that the bitterest intensity of feeling is attained. Thus it is that as places grow smaller, more remote, and more self-centered, passion plays upon itself like a frantic creature in a treadmill, lashes itself into fury, and men are possessed of devils. In this way has arisen that mood of the out-of-the-way village, that isolated intensity of passion,



"In one second he saw it all."

through which civil war so often has sickened itself with blood.

It was this which had distilled venom in the heart of every one of those village women. It was this which had worked a transformation in the parson. It was this which had prepared that lonely Ohio village for its doom.

But that never would have happened had Parson Leverett been any man except just himself. While the women on the green, with haggard eyes, gazed through the night at the vague bulk of the church, a tall man, prematurely gray, was coming along a country road, and repeating to himself broken lines of denunciation: "The Lord thy God is a jealous God;" "As ye deal with my condemners, so with you my grace shall deal;" "The Lord is a man of war, the Lord is his name." He had come from the deathbed of an old man wounded the night before in a skirmish with Morgan. He still saw, in his mind's eye, the stern old brow,

the blood-spotted gray hair, the face working in wrath, the struggle to continue the fight. For that old man, also, was a fanatic, possessed with the full fury of civil war, and with his last breath he had cried out against the "Rebels." He had died like some old eagle, his talons in the very death agony striking imaginary prey. The priest who should have bidden him forgive his enemies had exulted in his rage.

Samuel Leverett had begun life as a wild lad on a farm. His father was a drunkard; one of his uncles was of unsound mind; but his mother a woman made of iron. She had no pity, no sentiment, and her religion was as bleak as her life. But she worked the farm; she kept her husband out of the poor house; and she sent her two boys to school. Joseph, the elder, was always sober, though unbalanced, went to church from the start and died as has been told. But Samuel had his wild oats. He drank; he

gambled; more than once he rode twenty miles southward to meet his man on the Kentucky side of the Ohio and exchange shots. Years afterward, when his son took to drink, old people shook their heads and said it was a "visitation." It is written, "I am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children," and in that remote village, the religion prevalent had, like its puritan predecessors, little eye except for the old Testament.

But there happened with wild Sam Leverett what so often happens; he nearly killed a friend in a brawl, and while his friend lay between life and death the terror of the Judgment fell on Leverett. He became conscious of his soul, of the other world, of hell. He vowed himself to God, reformed and became the parson.

However, his huge, pagan nature was not really changed. He turned from his wild ways; he labored with sincerity; his powerful spirit soon gave him an immense hold on his people; but at bottom he was still the pagan. When the strife arose with McAvoy his caged energies

found outlet. And then it was that the Old Testament, and especially "Judges" became a new thing to him. By seizing upon one side of ancient Hebraism, by ignoring all the others, by noting in it only its unconverted pagan basis, he found passionate warrant for his hatreds. And those hatreds were fed by his misfortunes till they verged on madness. First, his brother had died, or, as the parson said, had been martyred; then his son, after reviving his father's evil youth, had perished, fighting for the enemy; next his wife, who had always been ailing, grieved herself to death. When Samuel Leverett set out to his old friend, who lay dying ten miles away, he did not know that the last blow had fallen, that his other son lay dead upon the roadside.

This last blow was all that was needed to rob him of his humanity. And it struck him like a buffet.

The beginning of it was only a group of terrified countrymen, ravenous against Morgan, who were gathered around some lanterns at the crossroads. They were huddled together, and all were bending for-



"The parson began again to chant the song of Deborah."

ward above the lanterns. The parson was almost on them before they heard him. Then someone started, wheeled about, and swung his lantern in air. The next instant the lantern shattered upon the road, and the man who had dropped it staggered backward.

"My God! it's his dad," he was saying, in a fright; "his dad."

The group opened; the lanterns all swung upward and white faces peered from beneath them at the parson.

He stopped and looked at them. In his preoccupation, the words he had just heard reached his brain slowly, but when they did, it was like the revelation of a lightning flash. In one second he saw it all—the eyes of the men, their terror, the body, the face of his son. He gave a cry, and, lurching forward, he fell upon the body.

The countrymen stood and watched him. His agony shamed them; they felt that they should do something, but they had no ideas. They shifted their lanterns from one hand to the other, and back again, and looked in each other's faces, while the frenzied old man clung to the dead body, mumbled to it and moaned.

Suddenly he grew calm. He sat up beside the body, put his head in his hands, and appeared lost in thought. What was passing through his head that moment is past telling. The countrymen involuntarily gave back, they knew not why.

Presently, very quietly, he got to his feet. Then he bent down and took the body in his arms. Gathering it up, he looked from man to man around the group and motioned with his head toward Bosworth.

He did not speak once on the way to the village. He seemed hardly conscious of what he was carrying. He seemed, indeed, to be walking in his sleep.

The women were still upon the green, and as the lanterns came toward them they started forward. But the countrymen, feeling instinctively that something was going to happen, motioned them back. The lanterns pushed in front of the parson, and the women saw what he was carrying. Both he and they stopped dead still. There was a moment when the rustle of the wind in the tree tops sounded as clear as the first notes of storm.

"What do you want?" said Leverett, in a voice that was harsh and distant, as if he were speaking to people whom he did not know.

His voice broke the spell. The women crowded forward, sobbing, and calling the dead boy by name. Leverett thrust them rudely back.

"He died for his country," said he. "God's curse upon all rebels."

"And to think, they are here this minute," cried one, "here in our own church."

"They?—in the church," said Leverett, "who?"

"The rebels."

"What?"

He flung out his arms and the body fell to earth. He staggered, and one of the men caught him.

"Say that again, say that again," he cried.

They told him breathlessly of the return of McAvoy. He listened silently. His head was bent, and in the light of the lanterns they could see that his hair, which had been only gray that morning, was snow white.

At last there was silence again. When Samuel Leverett finally lifted his eyes and looked into their faces it was only to point to the body of his son and say:

"Did you love him?"

There was a passionate murmur of assent.

"And you," said he, pointing to the woman whose son was killed at Shiloh, "did you love your boy? And you, did you love yours? And you, do you love your husband?"

His finger seemed to touch magnetically every woman in the group. His eye burned into their brains.

They were suffocating between grief and rage.

"And now," said he, his face ashen, "the Lord has delivered our enemies into our hands. Is it worse to kill men one way than another? They have slain our children with the fire of the cannon. Shall we not slay, in return, by what means we can. Listen! It is the word of God."

He threw out his arms and his voice became a chant. With demoniac earnestness he intoned the story of Sisera, and how Jael slew him in the tent while he slept. His voice swept on, low, intense, maddening, through that frightful song of Deborah:

"Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent."

"He asked water, and she gave him



milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish.'

" 'She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workmen's hammer; and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples.'

" 'At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, at her feet he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead.' "

He paused, and his eyes glittered, for he saw that he had prevailed mightily. The wills of the villagers had ceased to be. They were hypnotized by his insane fury. They were but hands and feet to his diabolical purpose.

He gave them orders and they obeyed. They worked swiftly, frantically. It seemed as if they dreaded each minute that they would awake the next and realize what they were doing. The body of the boy lay untouched where it had fallen. His father apparently no longer thought of it. He was absorbed in a cold frenzy.

Very soon the death trap had been constructed. So silently that the sleeping sentry heard nothing, a great dyke of hay was heaped up clear round the church. Every lamp in the village but one was emptied of its coal oil into the hay. The one missing was the lamp of McAvoy's sister. Leverett, with the cunning of madness, commanded them not to speak to her; she sat behind her bolted door and suspected nothing.

The moon was just upon the verge of rising when their work was finished. A moment more, and it silvered the high tree tops. The light of it flowed along the clouds and welled out of the bosom of the darkness. The breeze raised disheveled hair from the hot faces of the workers, and the moonlight kissed them into cool

silver. There had fallen that peacefulness of the shine of the night, so mysterious and so beautiful.

And just then the hay was lighted. Snakes of fire scuttled in and out among its masses, along the trains of oil, and before a full minute had gone by the church was lost to view. A gigantic pyramid of fire roared into the zenith. The heat of it scorched the faces of the villagers, and they drew back across the green.

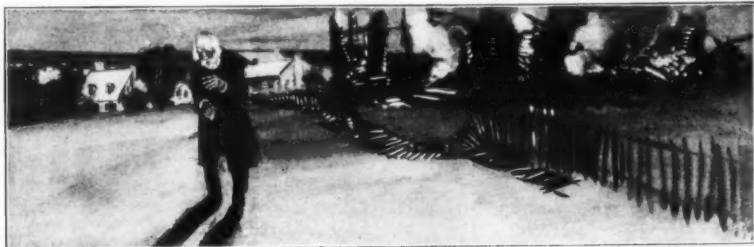
And now they began to realize what they had done—all, that is, but the parson. Then Terror smote them. Both men and women gave way to hysterical tears; one covered her eyes and fled, shrieking; another threw up her hands and fainted. The parson began again to chant the song of Deborah. Suddenly out of the midst of the flames burst the riderless horses. By this time the moon was well up; the green was a broad expanse of silvery light. Out into that pure radiance, which turned them instantly into flaming spectres, burst the horses. Their manes were afire, their tails afire; the instant the wind touched them, their coats blazed. They came on galloping madly, and screaming; each one in a coffin of moving flame.

The villagers fled. Only Leverett stood his ground, and when they ventured back to him; when the horses, here and there across the fields, lay dead, their flesh shriveled from their skeletons; when the church and its contents were but red-hot ashes; he did not know them.

He never remembered who they were. Through the following winter his eyes never lighted with recognition. In the spring he died.

The last words he spoke were these:

" 'At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; where he bowed, there he fell down dead.' "





Captain Richard P. Leary.  
Governor of Guam.

## CAPTAIN LEARY AT SAMOA

By HENRY COLLINS WALSH

CAPTAIN RICHARD P. LEARY, U. S. N., who has just sailed on the *Yosemite* to take up the white man's burden as Governor of Guam, was ten years ago the central figure in a drama at Samoa that almost resulted in a war between the United States and Germany. How Captain Leary upheld the honor of the flag is a story worth telling, because it throws light upon the events of to-day.

In July, 1881, by an agreement be-

tween Germany, Great Britain and the United States, Malietoa Laupepa became king of all Samoa, and Tamasese became vice-king. But in August, 1887, Tamasese, encouraged by Germany, proclaimed himself king and raised the standard of revolt. The English and American Consuls met and announced that they acknowledged Malietoa only, and told the natives to await the result of a conference between the powers. This conference

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The author of this article is indebted to the courtesy of Capt. Richard P. Leary, now Governor of Guam, for permission and authority to secure the facts from private notes and official records.

finally fell through. Malietoa surrendered to the Germans, and was deported from Samoa by the German war ship *Adler*. He was kept in captivity in the Cameroons and the Marshall Islands. Mataafa, a relative of the exiled king, and next in rank to him, then took up arms against Tamasese. The majority of the

swered the salute. Commander Leary sent the Teuton this characteristic reply: "The United States does not salute vessels engaged in the slave-carrying trade."

On September 5th, the *Adler* proceeded to the Island of Manono, and her guns were heard bombarding villages known to be occupied only by women and children. Furthermore, the war vessel acted as a towboat for a number of Tamasese's war canoes. On the following day, Commander Leary sent this vigorous protest to the German commander:

U. S. S. Adams, }  
APIA HARBOR, Samoa, Sept. 6, 1888. }

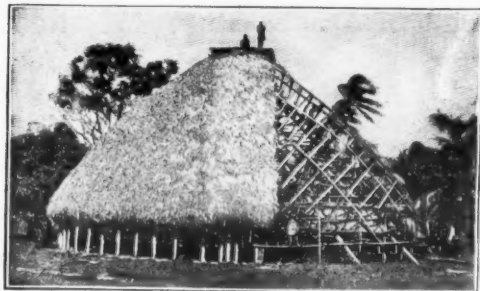
Commander Fritze, Commandant  
H. I. G. M. Corvette, *Adler*.

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that information was received yesterday, stating that the German war vessel *Adler*, under your command, would on that date proceed to the Island of Manono with a Samoan fleet, and then burn the houses and villages of the Manono men who are now on this island (Upolu) in open revolt against Tamasese.

It is reported that these houses were occupied by the defenseless wives and children of the aforesaid Manono men. The information further stated that, after burning Manono,

natives would not acknowledge Tamasese as king, and rallied around Mataafa.

It was at the outbreak of this civil strife that Captain Leary arrived at Apia, in the American warship *Adams*. Dr. Knappe was then the German Consul at Apia, and he and Commander Fritze, of the German warship *Adler*, carried on affairs with an imperious hand. Feeling ran high between the Germans on one hand, and the Americans and English on the other. The Germans bombarded villages on various pretexts, fired upon unarmed natives, and gave open aid to Tamasese. Captain Leary at that time was a commander, and it was not long before he and Captain Fritze had some lively interchanges of compliments. On one occasion, the *Adler* steamed past the American ship with a native chief bound to her foremast. The German saluted when he passed, but no answer came back from the American. Soon the German came to a standstill. A boat was dispatched to ascertain why the American had not an-



House-building in Samoa.



Copra Factory in Samoa, showing pile of coconut husks, from which the nut has been extracted.

the Faasaleleaga and the Tuamasaga would also be burned, unless the men in revolt would surrender to Tamasese and return to their homes.

It is a fact that yesterday morning an armed force of natives embarked in the corvette *Adler*, and the ship proceeded with the natives' boats in tow toward Manono, and later in the day the firing of heavy guns was reported in that direction, furnishing thereby presumptive



A Group of Samoan Warriors.

evidence that the above mentioned mission was about to be accomplished. The present Samoan revolt is almost, if not quite, general, and the revolutionists had an armed force for warlike purposes in the field within a few hours' march of this harbor, when the vessel under your command transported the Tamasese troops to a neighboring island with the intention of making war on the isolated homes of the women and children of the enemy.

Such action, especially after the Tamasese party having been represented as a strong government, not needing the armed support of a foreign power, appears to be a violation of the principles of international law, as well as a violation of the generally recognized laws of humanity.

Being the only other representative of a naval power now present in the harbor, for the sake of humanity, I hereby respectfully and solemnly protest in the name of the United States of America, and of the civilized world in general, against the use of a national war vessel for such service as was yesterday rendered by the German corvette *Adler*.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. P. LEARY,

Commander U. S. N., Commanding U. S. S. *Adams*.

Three days previously Captain Leary had sent to Mr. Brandeis, a man supposed to be a clerk in the employ of a German firm, but who was really the power behind the throne of Tamasese, the following letter of warning:

MR. BRANDEIS, APIA, SAMON—

SIR: In consequence of the various rumors that have been received in reference to the impending conflict between Tamasese and the terrible jeopardy of American citizens and their property, I have the honor to inform you that the right of Americans, concerning life and property, must be respected.

Any violation of these rights by the party or persons under your command, or by order of yourself, or of others whom you represent, or are represented by, will be considered a just and sufficient cause for such action as may be deemed proper.

Hoping that no cause will be given for complaint or redress, I am,

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

R. P. LEARY.

A few days after this an incident occurred which roused the righteous indignation of Commander Leary. A party of natives unarmed, while going across the harbor in a canoe, were fired upon from the German warship. By good chance, no natives were killed, but the boat was sunk, and the occupants had to swim to the shore for their lives. Some of the shots struck the residences of foreigners on shore. Captain Leary immediately sent a letter to Commander Fritze, which reads:

"I have the honor to inform you that the hostile attack made last night in this harbor by an armed force under your command upon a boat manned by natives, who were harm-

lessly crossing the harbor, was an act that seriously endangered the lives of the Americans and others, afloat and ashore, in the vicinity of Matutu, and cannot be regarded otherwise than a most serious affair, coming so soon after arranging and accepting terms establishing neutral ground within the limits of which no hostilities should occur, with a view to securing safety to the foreign residents in and around Apia.

"I am unable to understand your action, as the alleged causes of the attack cannot be accepted as justifying such dangerous and careless conduct. I shall report the affair to my government as a gross violation of the principles of international law and as a breach of neutrality.

"For the security of Americans and others within the neutral lines, I protest against the apparently unwarranted attack made by your men last night, and also against a recurrence of any hostile action within the harbor, whereby the lives of foreigners and non-combatants would be jeopardized."

True to his promise, Commander Leary, in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, characterizes the conduct of the Captain and crew of the *Adler* as "a most dastardly disregard for the safety of human life, as well as a cowardly breach of faith and neutrality." It may be seen that Captain Leary is a forceful and straightforward man; and that the naked truth rather than diplomacy is the burden of his story. In another report to the Secretary of the Navy, he says:

"The German Consul seems to control the naval and military, as well as the diplomatic and political affairs of the Germans, and it is difficult to negotiate with them on any case, as the Naval Commander evades the question at issue by taking shelter under the wing of the German Consul, who appears to order them as he pleases.

"Atrocities are committed by the armed natives belonging to Tamasese's party almost under the shadow of the German fort, and I have written to the German Consul and Naval Comman-



Tamasese.

der protesting against such a case of violation of American rights, etc., and have received an evasive reply. I shall send him another message and insist upon having a satisfactory answer." (Report to Navy Dept., Oct. 16, 1888.)

Among the atrocities that Commander Leary referred to, was the taking of some property by Tamasese's warriors from the house of an American citizen, and the seizure and destruction of an American flag which had been hoisted by an American citizen. The citizen's house was wrecked, and

his life was threatened. Commander Leary at once wrote a protest to the German commander, as he states in his report, and sent the following determined note to Tamasese:

Nov. 11, 1888.

To His Highness, The Chief Tamasese—

YOUR HIGHNESS: . . . I have also the honor to inform your Highness that the articles forcibly taken from the house of Mr. Scanlan by your people have not yet been returned, and that they must be returned to Mr. Scanlan without unnecessary delay, for which purpose I shall wait until sunset (Wednesday, 14th inst.,) and if it be not reported to us by that time that my demand has been complied with, I shall be at liberty to take such action as will in future enforce a wholesome respect for the American flag, and the lives and property under its protection.

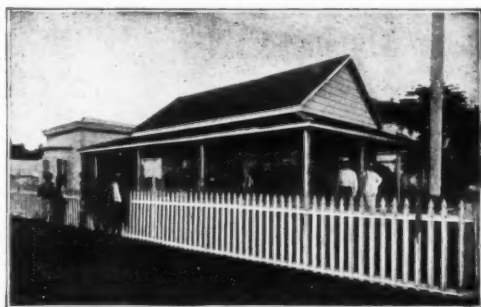
A red flag hoisted at the foremast head of an American war vessel simultaneously with firing a blank charge, will be the signal for you to remove from your forts and vicinity to a place of safety, all women, children, sick and wounded, for which purpose a liberal time will be allowed before resorting to more

serious measures.

I have the honor to be, sir, Your obedient servant,

R. P. LEARY,  
Commander  
Commanding  
and Senior  
Officer Present.

Another letter sent November 27, 1888, by Commander Leary read as follows:



The American Consulate in 1889.

*To His Highness, the High Chief Tamasese—*

YOUR HIGHNESS: I have the honor to inform you that in consequence of depredations committed upon American citizens and their property where your war party occupy forts, and of unjust interference with the other belligerent by a third party, you may be obliged at any moment to vacate these forts as a matter of justice to both parties.

Instructions follow such as were given in first letter. The property was immediately restored, including the tattered American flag, for which there was shown in future that "wholesome respect" which Commander Leary had demanded.

There is one letter in Captain Leary's

On one occasion the Germans advertised for bids to take down a bridge that had been partially wrecked by a storm, and which connected Apia with a suburb where most of the foreigners dwelt. The idea of the Germans was to gain a strategical advantage by having the bridge removed. The notice calling for bids was posted on a tree near the bridge. Commander Leary tore down the notice with his own hand, and notified the authorities that the bridge should not be removed. He stationed a company of marines by the bridge, and sent a band of carpenters from the *Adams* to make repairs. The



Mataafa and a Group of his Warriors.

possession from Tamasese himself. It is an answer to a request that he remove from Mulinuu, the place where the atrocities were committed, and reads as follows:

*To His Excellency, the Captain of the U. S. Man-of-War Adams—*

YOUR EXCELLENCY: I, Tamasese the King. I inform your Excellency as follows: You have asked that I and my Government go away from Mulinuu because you pretend as follows: A man who lives near Mulinuu, and who is under your protection has been threatened by my soldiers. As your Excellency had forbidden that man to accept any satisfaction from us, and as I do not wish to make war against the United States, I shall remove my Government from Mulinuu to another place at Samoa. Your Excellency,

(The king of Samoa signed) I. TAMASESE.

commander of the British warship *Calliope* sent his carpenters to assist in the work. The bridge was so well repaired that neither storms nor Germans destroyed it.

But an incident which best illustrates Commander Leary's grit and determination, and which deserves to live in song and story, occurred in the waters near Apia on November 15, 1888. Strained relations came to a crisis then, and war between the United States and Germany seemed inevitable.

On the day previous, a message came from Mataafa to inform Commander Leary that the Germans had threatened to at-



tack Mataafa in his stronghold on the morrow. Both Mataafa and Tamasese had intrenched themselves in fortified places, about seven miles from Apia, upon land under American protection. Mataafa asked for advice, and Commander Leary told him through the messenger to stand his ground, that he would not allow the German to make an attack upon property under his protection.

According to the German programme, the *Adler* was to bombard at dawn. Captain Leary quietly prepared to foil the plan, at the same time keeping his counsel. By using some hard coal he had aboard he was able to get up steam without the tell-tale smoke that would have warned the Germans of his actions. Then he muffled his anchor chains with native mats, and at four in the morning all hands were quietly called to quarters. At daybreak the anchors of the *Adler* were hauled up, and with full steam on, the vessel made for the open sea. Noiselessly came up the Yankee's anchors, and to the amazement of the *Adler*, the *Adams* was close upon her heels. The German had to turn to get out of the harbor, and by the time she reached the entrance the two ships were close together. Again the German turned, and then headed toward the fort that was to be bombarded. Commander Leary ran his ship between the German and the shore, and when about three hundred yards from the *Adler* gave the order:

"Clear for action!"

At once the decks were cleared, and the guns were trained. The German followed suit, and the two ships steamed along the coast ready for the fray. A shot from either vessel meant war between the two countries. When opposite the native forts, the *Adler* came to anchor, and the *Adams* anchored between the German and the shore. So close were the vessels that no guns could be fired from the *Adler*, without passing over or through the *Adams*. Then Commander Leary sent this note to the German commander:

"I have the honor to inform you that, having received information that American property in the Latoga vicinity of Laulii, Lotonuu, and Solo-Solo is liable to be invaded this day, I am here for the purpose of protecting the same."

For hours the men stood at their guns, but no shot came from the German. He was ready to war upon the Samoans, but

war with the United States was another matter.

At length the German started on a cruise along the coast, but he could not shake off the persistent Yankee. Finally he renounced his designs and returned to his anchorage in Apia bay. To her anchorage came also the *Adams*, and Commander Leary had won the game.

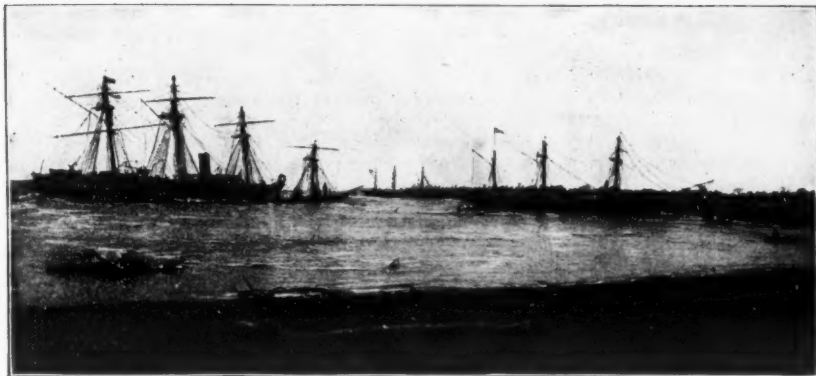
Some time before this incident Commander Leary had been ordered to Honolulu; but had delayed departure because he felt the necessity of the flag being in Samoan waters. Communications are difficult and few and far between from Samoa to the Navy Department. A naval officer is thrown largely upon his own discretion. Commander Leary was succeeded by Commander Mullan with the *Nipsic*.

After Commander Leary's departure, the German Consul, Dr. Knapp, proceeded to carry on affairs with a higher hand than ever. At length the Germans pronounced Tamasese king, and declared war against Mataafa. Dr. Knapp even went so far as to proclaim martial law.

A band of German marines and blue jackets from the German war vessels made a landing at Fangali on December the 12th, 1889, for the purpose of making an attack upon one of Mataafa's villages. They came upon Mataafa and a band of his warriors, and in the fight that followed the Germans were defeated. Twenty-three marines were killed and thirty-two wounded. The defeat was a bitter humiliation to the Germans, and incensed them all the more against Mataafa. It is only recently that he has been forgiven, because the German residents have found it to their interest to make use of their old enemy.

Both England and the United States protested against their citizens being subjected to martial law, but the German authorities searched English vessels, destroyed the property of Americans, suppressed the English newspaper at Apia, arrested British and American citizens, threatened to bombard Apia, and indeed assumed for Germany the right to govern Samoa without reference to the other powers, or to the natives themselves.

The remonstrances of the United States and of England had their effect upon Prince Bismarck, who called down the high-handed German Consul, sending him a message to the effect that he

*Trenton.**Vandalia.**Olga.**Nipsic.*

After the Hurricane in the Harbor of Apia.

had no right to take foreigners from the jurisdiction of their Consuls, and that the demand which he had formulated, as to the assumption of the Government of Samoa by Germany, was outside of his instructions and should be taken back at once. Accordingly martial law was suspended, and the Consul relinquished the control of the Government. Later Dr. Knapp was recalled, and his conduct condemned. Nevertheless he was subsequently appointed to a more important post as Consul-General at Shanghai.

As matters were still in a very strained condition, Admiral Kimberley was dispatched with two warships to protect American interests in Samoa. Shortly afterwards occurred the disaster in the harbor of Apia which threw both the United States and Germany in mourning. On the second week in March, three American ships were in Apia bay, the *Nipsic*, the *Vandalia* and the *Trenton*; three German, the *Adler*, the *Eber* and the *Olga*, and one English, the *Calliope*. On the fifteenth of March, came that terrible hurricane in which numbers of American and German sailors were drowned and all their ships destroyed, save only the *Nipsic*, which, though badly damaged, managed afterwards to make its way to the United States.

The catastrophe caused the three powers to pause and consider, and brought about, as Robert Louis Stevenson has recorded, the Treaty of Berlin, which was ratified in the spring of 1889.

With a view to the prompt restoration

of peace and order in Samoa, the powers agreed to recognize as king the deposed Malietoa Leupepa. Malietoa was brought back in a rather confused state of mind, and ready to do the white man's bidding. The kingship of Samoa does not seem under the treaty to bring with it much power or wealth. Old Malietoa was allowed only about \$50 per month, and he made his wife take in washing in order to eke out the royal income. For a time comparative peace reigned, but in 1893 Mataafa stirred up a rebellion and was banished to the Marshall Islands. It was distinctly understood that henceforth he could never be considered as a ruler in Samoa.

The trouble of 1899 is the consequence of the death of King Malietoa Leupepa, which occurred in August, 1898. For a time, Samoa got along without a king. Then disturbances began in a dispute over the election of a successor. Mataafa had been allowed to return from exile, after solemnly promising that in future he would never interfere in Samoan politics. Nevertheless, he became a popular candidate for the throne, for which there were two other candidates, Malietoa Tanu, the adopted son of the old king, and Tamasese, son of the former pretender to the throne by that name. Later Tamasese withdrew his candidacy. According to an ancient custom, the Samoan kings are elected by the people. Custom also provides that the name of Malietoa, meaning king, and four titles must be conferred before a chief can be eligible to be

king of the whole of Samoa. These were conferred upon the young chief Tanu with all the ancient ceremonies, while only two titles were bestowed upon Mataafa, leaving his qualification for the kingship incomplete from the Samoan point of view. The election being in dispute, the matter was referred to the Chief Justice.

The Chief Justice declared Malietoa Tanu to be the legally elected king, and Tamasese to be the vice-king. Mataafa and his followers, aided and abetted by the German Consul Rose, and the German resident of the Municipal Council, Dr. Raffel, refused to accept the decree of the Chief Justice, and made war upon Malietoa Tanu. The British and American consuls endeavored to avert hostilities. But on January first, Mataafa with a superior force, attacked and defeated the followers of Tanu and Tamasese, who took refuge on board H. M. S. *Porpoise*. On this ship the Chief Justice himself had been obliged to take refuge. An attempt was made by the German officials to depose the Chief Justice, but this was defeated by the Americans and English acting in concert. A force of blue jackets was landed from the *Porpoise*, and the Chief Justice, protected by a guard, again took his seat in the Supreme Court.

Admiral Kautz, the *Philadelphia*, was dispatched to Apia, and he arrived on March 6th. On March 11th, he issued a proclamation announcing that at a conference "at which were present the consular representatives of the signatory powers of the Berlin Treaty of 1889, and the three senior naval officers of the same powers, it was agreed that the so-called provisional government of Mataafa can have no legal status under the Berlin Treaty," and it warned the rebels and rioters under Mataafa to disperse and keep the peace. The English and American representatives had agreed to this decision in the interests of peace and law, but the Germans would not agree to it. Consul Rose issued a counter-proclamation in which he stated that he would continue to recognize the provisional government of Samoa until he had received contrary instructions from his government. Until encouraged in rebellious resistance by Consul Rose's notification the rebels and rioters were disposed to respect Admiral Kautz's authority, and were proceeding to obey the mandates of

his proclamation. The bloodshed which followed, in which English and American lives were sacrificed, complicated the situation already sufficiently serious, and this was the result of the German Consul's proclamation.

Mataafa's followers have slaughtered in ambush American and English officers and sailors, for whom Mataafa has always expressed the highest regard, and who saved him from destruction upon several occasions. Here is a letter, in evidence, which Mataafa wrote to Captain Leary:

APIA, Samoa, April 17, 1890.

To His Excellency, Captain R. P. Leary,  
U. S. N.

I write this letter to you with a heart filled with love and gratitude to your Excellency, while I remember your great kindness toward me and Samoa, in the days past, when we were together here in Samoa. Not one particle of that love and kindness has been forgotten by me which was expressed by you toward me in the times that were so difficult for us all, especially for Samoans. We knew well had it not been for you we should have failed in our undertakings. It was your advice and assistance that helped us through those trying times.

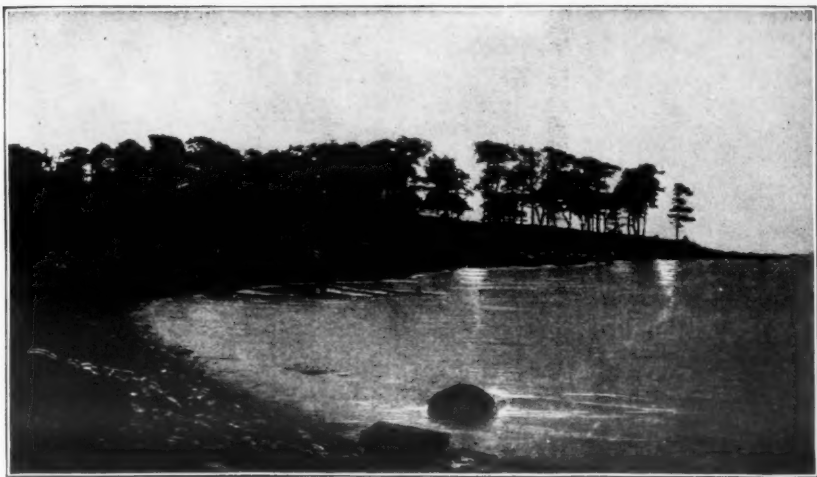
I have good hope that the blessings that have fallen on us now through your help, will remain with us, and that in the near future we shall have a good Government in Samoa, and one that will continue to increase, helped by your own good country of America.

I send you much love, you being a true friend. I have your photograph which I am taking great care of. I like to look at it and think of you, who was kind and true.

May the love of God remain with your Excellency. May a blessing rest upon the Government of America. I am,

J. MALIETOA MATAAFA.  
Ruler in the Govt. of Samoa.

It may be wondered, in view of Captain Leary's forceful intrepidity at Samoa, that he did not develop into a naval hero in the glorious year of victories, 1899. But the Spanish-American war must count Captain Leary as one of the unsung heroes. He commanded the *San Francisco*, at first the flagship of the Northern Patrol Squadron, which guarded the coast from Eastport, Maine, to Cape Delaware. Later the *San Francisco* was flagship of the blockade off the northern coast of Cuba. How well the patrolling of our coasts was directed during the war is not the least important part of our history. With such a tried officer as Captain Leary to administer the unknown affairs of Guam, the United States may feel at least assured that law will be respected.



Oak Island, where the search for pirate gold is in progress.

## A SEARCH FOR PIRATE GOLD

By JAMES CLARENCE HYDE

*Photographs by Dodge, Chester, N. S.*

ON a raw and gusty winter's night, at the close of the last century, an old sailor lay dying in a New England fishing village. Having missed his natural exit in the arms of the sea, he profited of the privilege of moribund landmen to indulge in some deathbed utterances. Three young men, named respectively Maginnis, Smith and Vaughn, were there to hearken his words. It is not known, neither does the event explain, whether the dying tar bore them gratitude or a grudge. But he unfolded to them a secret, whose magic has charmed a quarter of a million of dollars out of the banks of shrewd, if adventurous, men of business.

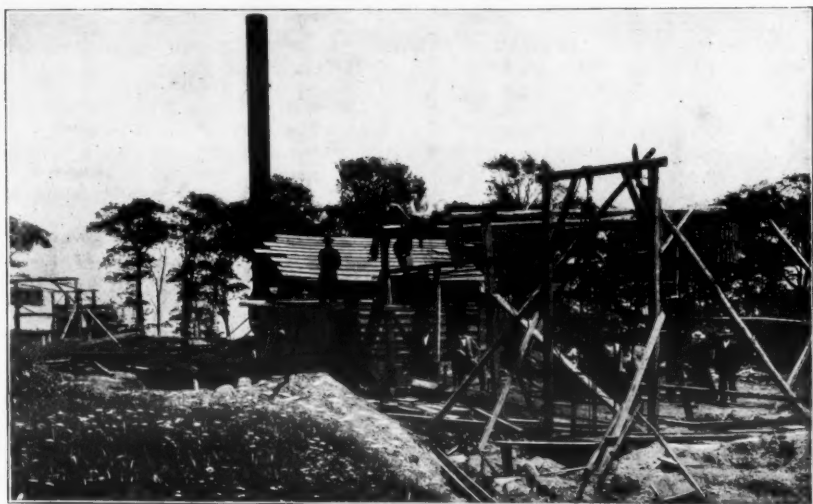
In the first place he acknowledged that his father had been a better, if not a more honest, son of the sea. His father had pursued the difficult career of pirate, and had succeeded in dying peacefully at home in the sunset of life. Fifty years before this gloomy night, his father had crossed the bar. Yet while the timbre of his voice was still sound, he had held a chart before the eyes of his son and,

pointing out to him a certain island in Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, the dying father informed him that on this island lay buried gold, jewels and silver in enormous quantity. Here had been the treasure-house of the pirates. Now the son, dying in turn, was bequeathing the self-same chart and revelation to the death-watchers, Maginnis, Smith and Vaughn.

"Why did you never search for the treasure yourself?" they asked, in ill-veiled skepticism.

The grimed and wrinkled chart fell from the nerveless hold of the old sailor. He mumbled that he had lost all trace of the chart for many years. He had recovered it only when age precluded any attempt at search for the treasure. His mouth and eyes gaped wide as he pronounced the final word of his explanation, and he lay dead.

The old sailor had chosen the proper psychological moment to divulge his rare secret. Spring had hardly thawed the frost-bound earth before Smith, Maginnis and Vaughn were on their way toward Nova Scotia, prepared to disinter



The Treasure Pit, Oak Island.

the pirates' hoard. They soon located Oak Island, in Mahone Bay, as marked in the chart. They took possession of this bit of earth under the Settlers' Act and began surveys. They found a certain hollow spot, where the soil was unusually soft. Nearby stood a veteran oak, whose bark was knifed with strange symbols. These were hopelessly unintelligible, and therefore the more significant. At the stem of the oak lay a time-worn ship's block. Instinct bade them begin to dig here.

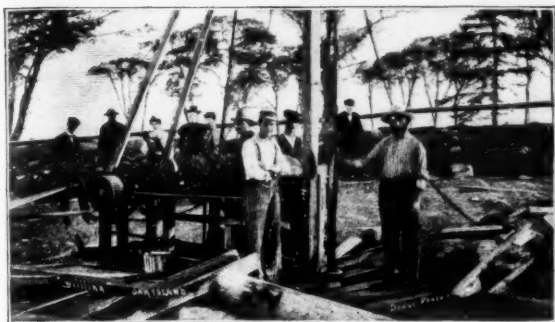
As their excavation progressed the soil was found to be softer, though the walls were firm. They judged themselves to be in a filled pit. Ten feet below the earth's surface they discovered some oak timber. They descended thirty feet further, and at each interval of ten feet they came upon the oak timber, which they concluded had been laid as side-

supports. Here their adventure was suddenly interrupted. The inhabitants roundabout, a simple and superstitious folk, had always regarded the treasure-seekers with suspicion. This inhospitable sentiment the adventurers had fostered by their secretive habits. The sense of the community at length became imperative, and Maginnis, Smith and Vaughn sought a more tranquil resting-place for the time.

A luck-interval of seven years was allowed to pass before the treasure-seekers reappeared on Oak Island. They had succeeded in interesting Dr. Lynds, of Truro, Nova Scotia, and at the suggestion of the new associate a company was organized. This time a hole ninety feet deep was dug in the same spot. At this level a flat stone three feet long and sixteen inches wide was unearthed. On the stone, in almost



The Mysterious Piece of Parchment, found at a depth of 156 feet.



Drilling for the Treasure, Oak Island.

undecipherable hand-print, was inscribed:

"TEN FEET BELOW TWO MILLION  
POUNDS ARE BURIED."

Under the stone a wooden platform had been built. The diggers cried, "Eureka." At last the labor of the diligent was to bear fruit. The veracity of the sailor, who had bequeathed the chart,

was to be established. The hope of years was to be fulfilled. The dream of opulence was to be realized. The sun had long set, and they waited only for the dawn of the next day to possess their treasure. In the imaginings of that night's sleep they built marble palaces with other men's hands and foreswore toil forever. In the morning they hurried to the pit. It was filled to the brim with water. Thus ended their second quest. Perhaps the outcome taught them something.

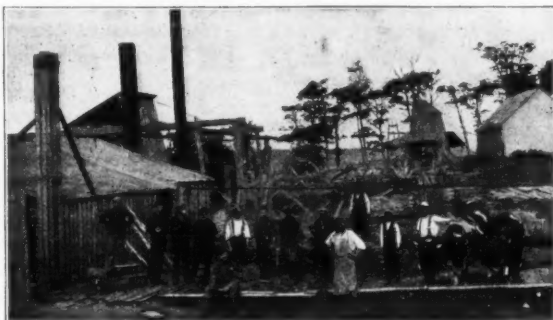
Half a century sped by and a new generation was in the island before a third

a hardwood cask, bearing the marks of a cooper's knife, and three silver links.

It was observed that the water in the pit rose and fell with the tide. Thence

the treasure-seekers inferred that there must be a subterranean channel to the sea. A search along the shore revealed five well-defined drains a few hundred feet away on Smith's Cove. The stones of

which the drains were built had been carefully laid and trimmed with a hammer. A layer of blue sand and one of



The Employees at Oak Island.



The Run-Way, Oak Island.



tropical grass were also discovered. The main drain ran straight toward the pit. During many months the men endeavored to dam the inflow of the tide with the machinery at their disposal. Their efforts were so utterly unavailing that the work was ultimately abandoned.

Another company took up the quest after twelve years. Five hundred pounds were raised, in shares of five pounds. The money might as well have been dropped in the sea for aught of dividends that it returned. Various attempts of like failure were made during the ensuing thirty-five years; but it was not until 1896 that an elaborate and systematic attack on the mystery of the treasure pit was engineered. In this year of enterprise, the Oak Island Treasure Company was established, with a capital of \$60,000. Since that time the company, employing modern machinery and skilled workmen, has been prosecuting the search for pirate gold unremittingly.

To-day the Oak Island Treasure Company has a plant of two boilers, seven steam pumps, one hoisting engine, one steam drill and a force of fourteen men. The latter work in two shifts, known as the day gang and the night gang. Several new shafts had been sunk, and a cofferdam has been built at Smith's Cove to shut off the tide. It is this element which has constantly broken the progress of the work. The superintendent believes that this obstacle will soon be quite surmounted and then the way to wealth will be clear. The last find of importance was unearthed in November, 1897. From a depth of 156 feet the augers brought up a wet scrap of parchment. The scrap measured three-eighths of an inch in length, and one-half an inch

in width; and bore the inscription, "V R."

You may go and see the treasure-seekers for yourself on the green little island, with a few ragged oaks at the west point, and a farm-house and outbuildings at the other extremity. There are about two hundred acres in all, owned by three men, Maginnis, Sellers and Butler. At the highest point on the island, probably a hundred yards above tide water, are the works of the Treasure Company. The superintendent is an affable man, willing to show the visitor around, and to tell him about the search, generally hopeful about the outcome, but never much concerned if the visitor does not share his sanguine views. He will show you the shaft, the "money pit," the abandoned pits, the boiler-house and everything else of interest. You will hear the rumble of the heavy machinery, you will see the workmen hauling away loads of earth and rock, and it will probably impress you as an every-day, busy scene such as you would expect to encounter at a coal or iron mine. There is nothing particularly mysterious or romantic about it from the outside. But when you realize that deep down in that pit, probably two hundred feet below where you stand, they are delving night and day, rain or shine, for a vast amount of gold and precious stones secreted there at least two centuries ago by black-bearded, fierce-visaged pirates, then you rub your eyes and wonder if you have been dreaming. Is it possible that the humble sailor, who, on his deathbed divulged the Oak Island chart and the story of the buried treasure, was a moralist, and did he have a precept to inculcate on man's hunger for the impossible?

